Week ending February 23 1957
Every Wednesday Fourpence

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Herbert Tichy tells how he conquered one of the world's highest mountains

THREE STEPS FORWARD

Vera Dean's courageous fight against adversity —told by herself

New complete stories by Larry Finn and John Nield

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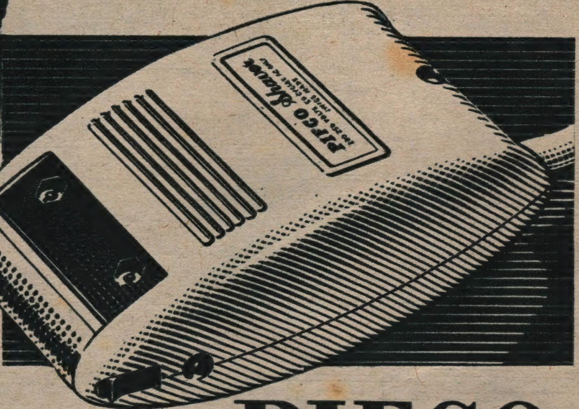

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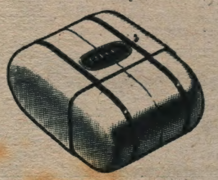

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F.13

YOU CAN GROW FINE HEALTHY SEEDLINGS

says BOB GREEN
our gardening expert

Boxes and boxes of healthy young plants—how does the nurseryman do it? Clean, disease-free soil—that's the secret! So don't get discouraged, lads—you can do it too with a bit of sterilizing.

Damping Off, Tomato Wilt—in fact most of your plant losses are caused by infected soil. Jeyes' Fluid, the safe household disinfectant, kills infection just as safely and certainly in the soil as in the home.

To sterilize potting soil, soak it—4" layer at a time—with ONE tablespoon of Jeyes' per gallon of water. Keep the heap under cover. After a week turn it over to air and dry—it's ready after a further week.

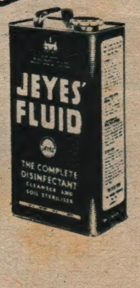
Sterilize greenhouse tomato beds as you dig. Break up the lumps, and soak bottom of trench, also top spit as thrown over. (Same strength solution). Leave for a fortnight and ventilate freely.

Dirty pots, barrows, boxes and water tanks can re-infect sterilized soil, so scrub 'em out with Jeyes' before using

WRITE *for free copy of new, revised edition of "Jeyes' Fluid in the Garden".*

NEW! *Gardening book "ALL GROWS WELL" by FRED LOADS, describing in detail the way to success with flowers, fruit, vegetables, greenhouses, lawns etc., etc.—4/6 post free.*

Quart cans 5/- and gallon cans 15/-. Trial bottle 1/10d—from hardware stores, horticultural suppliers, chemists and grocers.



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CHANCERY 3344 FEBRUARY 23, 1957 VOLUME 101 NUMBER 2643

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REPORT FROM THE EDITOR

Herbert Tichy—"just a man who likes to travel"

A SUN-TANNED geology student, fresh from an exciting motor-cycle tour of India, was asked by a professor at Vienna University to suggest a subject for his thesis. The student was Herbert Tichy, whose story of the climbing of Cho Oyu starts on page 27. Almost without thinking he replied: "I will do a thesis on the Himalaya."

The professor was surprised and delighted, but was unwilling to agree on the subject unless Tichy assured him that he could afford to make another trip to India. Tichy thought quickly and bluffed him. "It will be easy," he said. "My writing and photography will pay for the journey."

Fortunately, a newspaper editor became interested in Tichy's plans and agreed to finance a Himalayan trip: "As a result," says Tichy, "I spent a month of solitude among the highest mountains in the world: The sight was a great joy to me. I did not know then that the love of those mountains would never leave me." Tichy returned to write a thesis that won him a doctorate.

In the years that followed, Tichy—who is now forty-four—made many journeys to Tibet and the Himalayas. Disguised as a Tibetan monk he climbed to 21,000 feet to reach Mount Kailas, Tibet's "Holy Mountain." Later he spent a year in Alaska, and travelled through Japan, China and Siam. He has climbed many mountains of more than 20,000 feet, and once, travelling with four Sherpas, he became the only white man to have crossed the mountainous western region of Nepal. "But I am not really a climber or mountaineer," he says. "I am just a man who likes to travel. I like to see and to watch."

JOHN NIELD admits that, as a writer, he is a one-day wonder. His latest story, *Final Balance*, which begins on page 16, was started on a Sunday morning—in bed. This is in keeping with Nield's usual writing routine. All the week, he is a London business executive. He goes to bed on Saturday night to sleep away his worries—and quite often wakes up as an author with a story in his mind complete in every detail.

"I never know what sort of story it is going to be," he says. "I don't consciously invent a single character or plan a line of the story." More than a hundred stories which Nield first roughed out in bed on Sunday mornings have been published.

For *Final Balance*, the story of an accountant's nightmare, Nield did not have to travel far in his early-morning dreams. Like the hero he has an aged parent: his own father is a lively eighty-four year old. "But," Nield hastens to add, "he's a most upright and God-fearing man."

Nield himself is in his fifties and going bald. Though he is not an accountant he is a business man—and that, he points out, involves a good knowledge of accountancy and of the workings of the Inland Revenue Department. Now he looks forward to his retirement. It could be a busy time—if every day became a Sunday.

away with undercoats

one coat covers any colour

It's true . . . one coat of Luxol covers *any* colour! White can be painted directly over black, for example . . . light blue over dark red . . . dark green over ivory . . . all without any trace of 'show-through' whatsoever. And even bare wood needs only one coat of primer before the final coat. No time, no money wasted on undercoats. One coat of Luxol is all you need from start to perfect finish.

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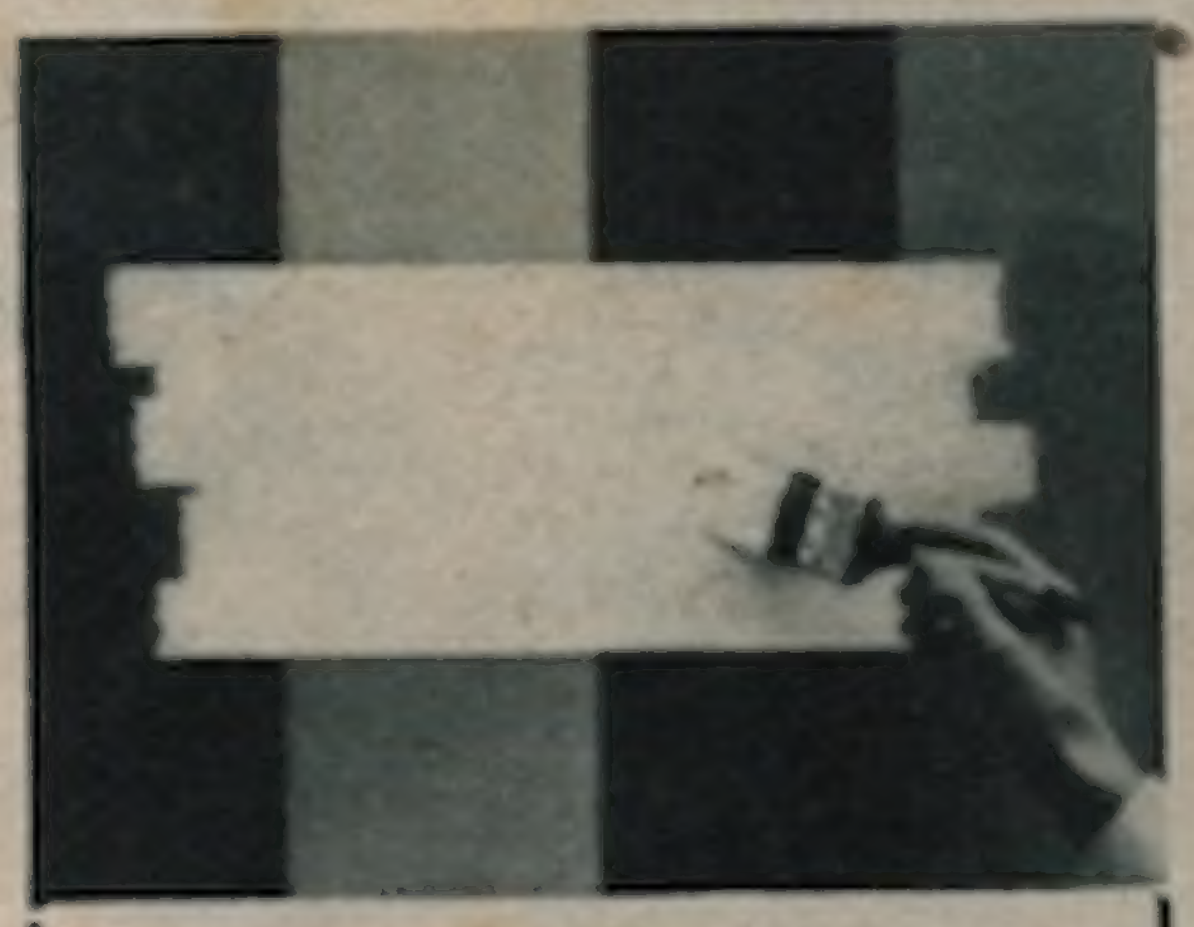
Why not start your Spring re-decorating today. Luxol covers any colour in just one coat — gives you a *perfect* finish in half the time — for half the money.



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Light up this moment
PLAYER'S
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They're good - very good!
FULL SIZE 1/7½ for 10 3/3 for 20
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keeps you slim

A PEEK FREAN PRODUCT

Free Speech

- Should a wife choose a husband's job?
- Children who learn from television
- These parties don't make friendships

LAST week my wife pointed out to me an advertisement which began: " Wives—would you like to live in Florida?"

It went on to say how much houses cost there, how good the schools and shopping centres were, and how the sun shone every day. The last line read: " If your husband is a builder get him to write to us for a job."

My wife thought that this was a sound way to advertise for staff. " A wife's happiness is just as important as her husband's," she said. But I think a man's job should be the one thing he can choose for himself. I wonder how many American husbands find themselves unhappily working in jobs they didn't want—to please their wives. This is co-operation in marriage run riot.—L. B., Bushey, Herts.

Too Hot, Too Cold

Many modern buildings seem to have too much window glass in the outside walls. Glass is a good conductor of heat and cold, and it is difficult and expensive to keep buildings made of it reasonably warm in winter and cool in summer. I notice that many schools have had to fix blinds to cut down the glare and heat from the sun.—J. W. BIRD, Westcliff-on-Sea, Essex.

" About half the heat lost through glass can be saved by double glazing—with an insulating layer of air between the panes," says the Building Research Station. " A fabric or venetian blind behind a window certainly reduces heat from the sun—but an outside one is even more efficient."

Charity Weeks

I was interested to read about Liverpool's penny-a-week charity scheme (" Free Speech," February 2). I saw another method at work in Italy. After buying a railway ticket or an admission ticket for a park, I often found that my small change was paid in the form of stamps, which were marked as being issued in aid of the tuberculosis fund. — G. THEMYNE, London, E.C.1.

The Italian Government holds charity weeks during which these stamps are sold. They can be kept by the purchaser, or used in change or for postage. The money goes towards medical research, the maintenance of tuberculosis hostels, and relieving hardship.

Helpful Television

As a student at a Scottish training centre, I always accepted the view of lecturers that television was a harmful distraction to schoolchildren.

Recently I spent three weeks in a primary school in a poor district, where many children regularly watched television. Most of them were backward in reading and spelling, but their general knowledge was amazing. They were familiar with the major events in Scottish and English history, and they understood the rules of tennis, cricket and rugby.

When I proposed reading *Kidnapped* to one class, I was promptly told that they already knew the story—and the author's name. Perhaps these facts are common knowledge to some children. But this was a school where most of the children were well below average in intelligence.

It seems that television is a most important medium for teaching this type of child.—MISS M. HENDERSON, Duke Street, Dennistoun, Glasgow, E.1.

Railway Rubbish

I cannot understand why British Railways does not install small litter baskets in compartments. At present, passengers seem to be expected to force disused chocolate boxes into ashtrays.—A. R. JOHNSTON, Belfast.

" Litter baskets would take up too much room, and would encourage people to put in offensively smelling rubbish," says British Railways. " We like passengers to take their refuse out of the train with them."

Stopped The Show

I recently entertained a business acquaintance, and after dinner we went to the theatre. But I was embarrassed to find that the two seats I had booked were two rows behind one of the pillars supporting the dress circle. Admittedly it was a fairly thin pillar, but it impeded part of our view of the stage.

Theatres should charge less for such seats, and let people know what they are in for when booking.—C. B., Bayswater, London.

Forced Friendship

If I move into a new area I want to observe and assess my new neighbours before picking my friends, not have them all thrust upon me at one of Mrs. J. L. S.'s communal parties (" Free Speech," January 26). My friends would be people who gravitated towards me naturally.

Has Mrs. J. L. S. no respect for the privacy and independence afforded by the British way of life?

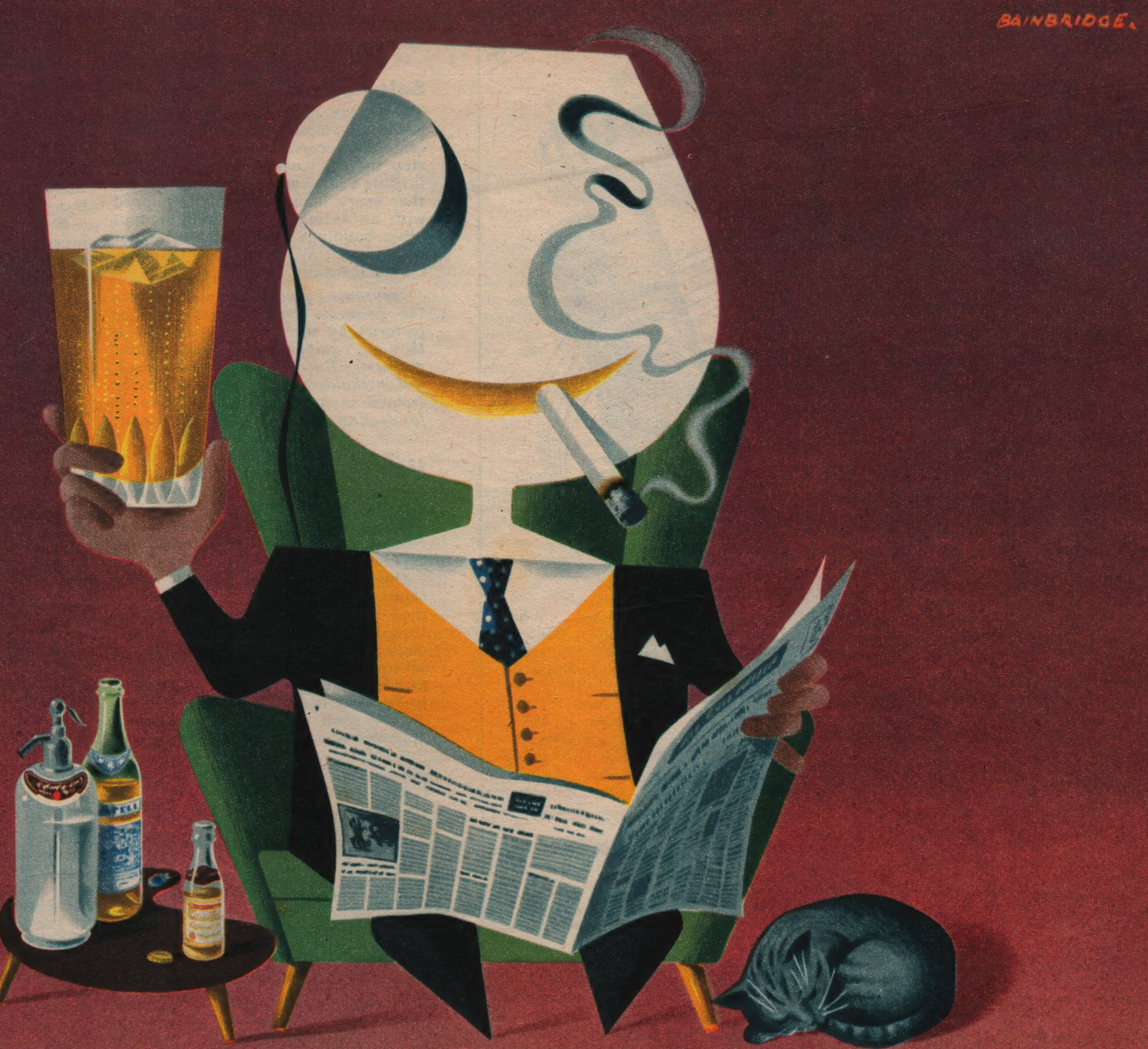
A community spirit is based on knowledge and acceptance of neighbours—not on knowing everybody on an estate. Certainly it isn't founded upon presents and parties given by people unknown, and possibly unacceptable, to the recipient.—D. A. ROOTS, Belfast.

Point Of View

Critchlow's cover picture shows a husband filling in a cheque with a ball-point pen (JOHN BULL, January 26). But I have been told that banks do not encourage their clients to use them. Why is this?—A. J. H. AUSTEN, Hove, Sussex.

" We have found that records written in some ball-pen inks began to fade after a few years," says a bank official. " But although we

CONTINUED ON PAGE 6



Relax with Mr Brandyman

a long refreshing drink with Ginger Ale or Soda

Make the most of MARTELL.
Make it a *long* drink—a long, luxurious,
stimulating drink, with Ginger Ale or Soda
—and ice, if preferred. You'll be glad
you took the tip from Mr Brandyman.

Make friends with

MARTELL

Proprietary Scotch

A proprietary Scotch is a brand of whisky owned and marketed by the blender or distiller. Gilbey's have their own distilleries in the heart of the Glenlivet district of the Highlands, with access to the unbelievably soft waters of the Scottish peat moors, and it is here that Spey Royal — one of the great proprietary whiskies — has been made for nearly 100 years.

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ESTABLISHED
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Fine Old
SCOTCH WHISKY
Distilled, blended & bottled in Scotland by
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70° PROOF
GLEN SPEY DISTILLERY SPEYSIDE SCOTLAND
GILBEY'S CENTENARY ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF SERVICE
1857 + 1957

Free Speech

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

instruct staffs to use ordinary ink, we don't discourage our clients—unless they ask specifically which we prefer."

Safer Homes

There have been many outbreaks of fire in this locality recently. In many cases the occupants have managed to stop the fire spreading before the fire brigade's arrival. It seems to me that every home should be equipped with an extinguisher. Factories and other buildings have them—why not homes?—D. W. Williams, Llanelly, Carmarthenshire.

Insurance companies may reduce the premium for fire insurance for factories by up to seven per cent if they are equipped with enough extinguishers. But not for private houses. "Householders are not usually trained in handling extinguishers or for dealing with fire," says an official.

Monster Ahoy!

Commander Duff's story of the Atlantic monster ("Strange Tales Of The Sea," John Bull, February 2) reminded me of a first World War experience.

One morning early in 1917 word came that a German raider was in the direct course of an eight-ship troop convoy in the Atlantic. Our ship, the Caronia, ported helm so severely that the whole ship shuddered, and many of us went on deck to find out why.

Just then a huge sea monster appeared about half the ship's length from the side, with parts of its long neck out of the water. It was clearly seen by hundreds of us for a minute or more.—George A. MacLellan, Capt. (retired), Milngavie, Scotland.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

A great new serial by

H. E. BATES

Further details on page 21

Always Flying

When visiting London recently, I noticed that the flags on the buildings were at half-mast to mark the death of a member of the Royal Family. The exception was the Admiralty's "fouled anchor" flag, which was at the masthead.—S. A., Biggleswade, Beds.

King Edward VII gave instructions that the Admiralty flag should fly by day and night, and that it should be flown at half-mast only on the death of the sovereign, in whom the functions of Lord High Admiral are traditionally vested.

The Bright Side

Radio news bulletins seem to consist almost entirely of bad news. I know that world news is mostly bad just now, but there are joyful happenings, too.

I don't suggest that we should all necessarily be doubled up with laughter, but I think that tension would be greatly relieved by less sensation and more serenity.

Even a once-weekly "good news" broadcast would boost our morale to face the bad.—Mrs. N. Grant, Co. Dublin.

"We don't make the news—we merely report it," says the B.B.C.

Out Of Touch

While travelling in a remote Highland area I realized that I was going to miss an important appointment.

I decided to telephone ahead, but in the roadside kiosk I went into, the panel read: "Place four pennies in the slot and listen." I didn't have the necessary pennies, and could not attract the attention of the operator. It was late and I was miles from anywhere. In more serious circumstances this could have led to tragedy.—W. J. H., Glasgow.

"In kiosks of this kind," says the Post Office, "a caller with no coppers but having a sixpence or a shilling can contact the operator, give his name and address and receive a refund of the money over and above the cost of his call. There is no method apart from this—unless it is a case justifying pressing the emergency button."

No Harm Done

There is a sequel to Mr. Bott's story about the Brazilian skyscraper that threatened to heel over ("Free Speech," February 2). Every room had been let when the building began to subside in one corner, and every tenant cancelled his lease and backed out.

The restoration to vertical took two years and cost half as much as the original building. But it didn't ruin the architect or his firm: for in those two years, just after the end of the second World War, property values soared. Every room was quickly re-let at vastly more than the original rent.—Miss E. M. Atkinson, Bearsden, Glasgow.

Prince Consort?

A century ago this year, Queen Victoria bestowed upon Prince Albert the dignity title of Prince Consort.

Much of the success of our youthful Queen's reign has been due to the unremitting work and changeless charm of the Duke of Edinburgh. His

THE COVER

It's not fair. . . . The gang wants to go to the park in search of adventure, and now look what's happened. *Their* dog—the faithful coyote for Cowboys and Indians, the big bad wolf for playing hunters, the St. Bernard for mountain rescue—banned from a bus. What a disgrace! Still, the lady says "No," and that seems to be the end of it. But come to think of it, they could spend their fare money on sweets. Not quite as healthy as the park, perhaps, but Mays says it will banish that empty feeling till it's time to go home for tea.

JOHN BULL
THE RACE TO THE SUMMIT

latest Commonwealth tour has undoubtedly established him as our greatest ambassador today.

The elevation of the Duke to the rank of Prince Consort would be most appropriate, I feel, and would gain the full approval of the whole British people.—C. G. Corfield, Sale, Cheshire.

Too Busy

An inexpensive cure for the common complaint of car sickness is to do as the driver must do—keep looking straight ahead. I have never heard of a driver being car sick.—M.J.H., Clackmannanshire.

"Car sickness, like seasickness, is often brought on because people expect to be sick," says a doctor. "Car drivers don't usually suffer from it because their minds are busy concentrating on the road in front of them."

Blind Spot

I fail to understand why, in view of the government's desire to improve the nation's health, it does not include a chiropody service in the National Health Service. Undoubtedly a great deal of ill health can be traced back eventually to neglected feet.—Mrs. D. V. Daines, Rectory Road, Pitsea, Basildon, Essex.

Some hospitals have chiropody facilities, and the few local authorities which provided a free chiropody service before the National Health Service was introduced are being allowed to continue. "Financial reasons prevent us approving any extension of the service," says the Ministry of Health.

Who Benefits?

When rabbits were dying by the thousand, we were assured that the result would be the saving of millions of pounds. But rabbits have almost disappeared from butchers' shops and they are much dearer than before. Recently, too, foxes have destroyed more than a dozen chickens near my home—a thing unheard of before myxomatosis.

Who is actually better off by "millions of pounds"? My cost of living seems to have risen as usual.—Roy Brookes, Fareham, Hants.

"The farmer and the housewife benefit," says the National Farmers' Union. "The farmer because, untroubled by rabbits, he gets a greater yield of cereal crops per acre. The housewife, because more crops have been brought on to the market. Food prices would be higher than they are without myxomatosis."

Before myxomatosis, rabbits destroyed six per cent of the yield of winter wheat.

Nostalgic Noises

I find that unexpected sounds often send my thoughts wandering. In the hum of our busy factory a steam valve's long-drawn-out note takes me aboard the Highland Monarch waiting to leave Tilbury for Lisbon. A double blast sounds at night, and then I know that a laden barge is ready to pass under the bridge.

A blast on the klaxon sends me back to youth and the enormous yellow four-in-hand coach used at election time for distributing leaflets. The one sound I don't like is that of the wartime siren now used as a fire alarm.—Miss C. Isaacs, Surrey.

John Bull pays one guinea for each letter published in "Free Speech," and at the usual rates for photographs. Readers with problems (other than medical) should write to the John Bull Free Advice Service, whose experts answer questions by post

Still young, they are already proved leaders of men, already shouldering great responsibilities, already confident of a satisfying future. For the exhilaration of flight is but one aspect of a career intensely interesting and of infinite variety.

Heirs of 'the few'

YOUNG MEN may long for a life of action and adventure. But they have also to plan a lasting career. In the Royal Air Force today both these needs are fulfilled: linked with ample opportunities of building a satisfying future there is the exhilaration of flying some of the world's most exciting aircraft. And more can now fly, with the new appointment of air electronics officers, highly skilled men who are trained to be responsible for all the electronic devices in the new V-bombers.

Flying plus

The adventure of flight is only one of the challenges you must master in the R.A.F. Consider the responsibilities of leadership, as important on the ground as in the air. You could be a Group Captain while in your early forties, flying regularly — and responsible for several squadrons of aircraft, perhaps 1,500 men.

Standing easy

Off duty, life is just as full. Opportunities for sport are unrivalled. From football to skiing, yachting and athletics... everything comes within your reach. And an officers' mess has all the added amenities of a really good club.

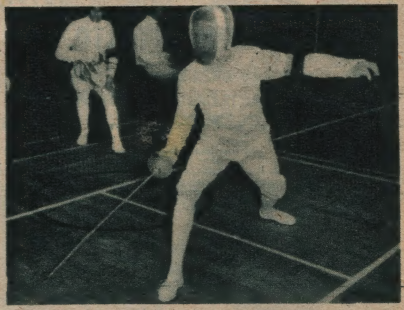
A sure future — good pay

You can join the R.A.F. through the Direct Commission Scheme, confident of a permanent career right up to pension age. Or you can choose a twelve year engagement, with the option of leaving after eight. If you leave after 12 years you take back to civilian life a tax-free gratuity of £4,000! And whichever you choose the pay is good. At the new rates, a Flight Lieutenant of 25 for instance, can draw, with full allowances, about £1,500 a year.

Per ardua ad astra

It is not easy to qualify for a place in the R.A.F., but its rewards are great and lasting. If you are between 17½ and 26 and absolutely fit, educated at least to General Certificate of Education or Scottish Leaving Certificate or equivalent standards, write for details of the schemes of entry to the Air Ministry (JB. 306a), Adastral House, London, W.C.1. Give date of birth and educational qualifications.

RESPONSIBILITY. To fly a complex modern aircraft, perhaps half-way round the world, calls for these qualities of enthusiasm, self-reliance and careful skill for which aircrew are specially chosen.



AND RELAXATION. The sporting life that revolves round an officers' mess offers wide variety. Fencing is popular. Quick, skilful, demanding concentration, it could have been made for the R.A.F.

The Royal Air Force

Flying ...and a career

A WORD OF ADVICE TO WOMEN

How to Keep Well and Beautiful

If a woman wants to keep well and retain her looks and complexion, she ought to be careful about the medicine she takes.

For one thing she needs something which is gentle and which, without any drastic purging, will clear away poisonous wastes from her system which often make the complexion muddy, ruin her looks and help to bring on Rheumatic troubles like Lumbago and Sciatica.

Then women are very liable to troubles like Sick Headaches, Bilious Attacks, Aches in the Back, Loss of Sleep, and so on.

That's why women ought to take Juno-Junipah. Juno-Junipah is different from ordinary salts. It contains pure oil of Juniper.

Just try Juno-Junipah! You'll be surprised how soon you begin to feel better and look better, too. Your aches and pains will be relieved, your complexion and looks will improve, and you'll look and feel years younger.

If you prefer, the Juno-Junipah formula has been adapted to make pleasant little tablets. Ask your chemist for them.

ARE YOU GROWING NERVY AND DEPRESSED ?

If you're depressed, irritable, nervous and jumpy, it means your body needs more Vitamin B, the nerve-builder, on which your whole nervous system depends. If your food contains too little Vitamin B, your nerves will go to pieces. Increase the supply, and you will soon feel restored and re-invigorated. You won't worry so much, won't be so easily irritated or depressed.

Try taking Phillips Tonic Yeast Tablets with your meals. Brewers' Yeast is the richest natural source of the B Vitamins, and you'll be amazed what difference this will make to your whole well-being. Your digestion will improve; you'll lose your headaches and feel brighter and fitter in every way.

Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast today. It is pure Brewers' yeast with all its cells intact; it contains no drugs or harmful ingredients and is bound to do you good. Be sure to ask for 'Phillips' Tonic Yeast.

At all Chemists 1/9, 4/- *and* 6/6

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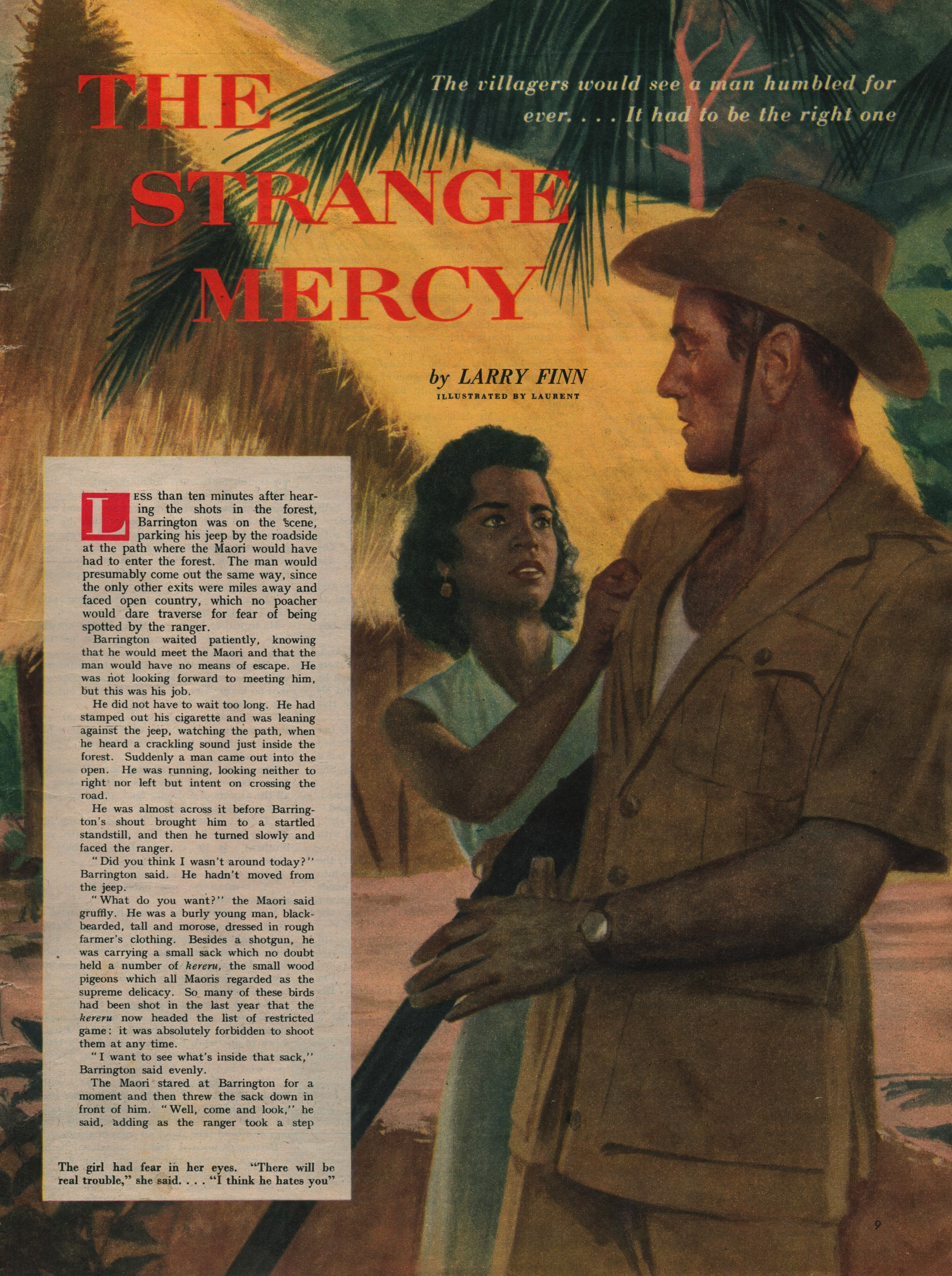
THE STRANGE MERCY

The villagers would see a man humbled for ever. . . . It had to be the right one

by LARRY FINN

ILLUSTRATED BY LAURENT



LESS than ten minutes after hearing the shots in the forest, Barrington was on the scene, parking his jeep by the roadside at the path where the Maori would have had to enter the forest. The man would presumably come out the same way, since the only other exits were miles away and faced open country, which no poacher would dare traverse for fear of being spotted by the ranger.

Barrington waited patiently, knowing that he would meet the Maori and that the man would have no means of escape. He was not looking forward to meeting him, but this was his job.

He did not have to wait too long. He had stamped out his cigarette and was leaning against the jeep, watching the path, when he heard a crackling sound just inside the forest. Suddenly a man came out into the open. He was running, looking neither to right nor left but intent on crossing the road.

He was almost across it before Barrington's shout brought him to a startled standstill, and then he turned slowly and faced the ranger.

"Did you think I wasn't around today?" Barrington said. He hadn't moved from the jeep.

"What do you want?" the Maori said gruffly. He was a burly young man, black-bearded, tall and morose, dressed in rough farmer's clothing. Besides a shotgun, he was carrying a small sack which no doubt held a number of *kereru,* the small wood pigeons which all Maoris regarded as the supreme delicacy. So many of these birds had been shot in the last year that the *kereru* now headed the list of restricted game: it was absolutely forbidden to shoot them at any time.

"I want to see what's inside that sack," Barrington said evenly.

The Maori stared at Barrington for a moment and then threw the sack down in front of him. "Well, come and look," he said, adding as the ranger took a step

The girl had fear in her eyes. "There will be real trouble," she said. . . . "I think he hates you"

Barrington knew his future depended on how he acted now. These people must know from the beginning what kind of man he was

forward, "and if you do I will blow your head off."

Barrington stopped, flushing deeply as the Maori swung his gun into a ready position. One more step, Barrington knew, and he would be dead, for beyond all doubt the Maori meant what he said. It showed in every line of his body, and in his flashing, defiant eyes.

"Do you realize what you're doing?" Barrington said helplessly. His own rifle was in the jeep, which was perhaps fortunate. Yet he would never have believed that the eternal, often amusing feud between poachers and forest rangers could come to this: a government officer held at gun-point.

"Just get on your way," the Maori said. "Away, now."

Barrington hesitated for only an instant before turning and climbing into the jeep. He drove back down the road without another glance at the threatening figure of the Maori. To have to drive away from the man, instead of past him, was the final humiliation.

It was some time before Barrington could calm his anger enough to think clearly about what he was up against. In his bungalow, on the hillside overlooking the village of Kerikeri, he sat thinking for a long time, drumming his fingers on the report book.

Just a week ago, in this bungalow that had been so recently vacated, he had sat down with his predecessor's report book and memorized all that was in it, especially the names. It was clear that Starkey had been a weak if good-natured man, and that he had spent most of his time trying to stay friends with the Maoris of the nearby settlement, who had not been slow to take advantage of him. The reports were all very much the same, as though Starkey had got behind and then had suddenly decided to write them all at one sitting.

In the whole book there was hardly a single charge that had led to a conviction, and one would wonder on whose side Starkey was supposed to be. *Lack of evidence*, he had written so often, *prevented me from laying a charge that would stick*. . . . Poor Starkey! No wonder he had been transferred.

And now, Barrington thought grimly, I'm supposed to clean up the mess.

It was not going to be easy. The proud Tuhaine, who were a splendid people and normally law-abiding in every way, did not seem to understand that government forest reserves were prohibited to everyone, including themselves. They entered the reserves to hunt the birds and game that abounded there, not realizing the motives behind preservation.

Now, Barrington was thinking, the situation had gone too far. Now they were prepared to defy the white men with guns. This Maori fellow was probably boasting around the village, laughing his head off at the ranger's humiliation. The idea would get around that Barrington, though not nearly so friendly as Starkey, was just as ineffectual.

Barrington flinched when he thought of it, and quickly made up his mind about what he must do. After all, he had to live the next few years of his life among the Tuhaine, and his future happiness would depend a great deal on how he acted now. They should know from the very beginning what kind of man he was.

Barrington drove into Kerikeri about nine o'clock the next morning. He drove slowly, careful not to shower the passers-by with dust. But none of them greeted him, or so much as smiled in passing. He was getting the treatment of a policeman come to make an arrest.

The Maori meeting-house, with its carved door and rafters, was the permanent home of Tuoro, the local chief, as well as being the centre for all the villagers' activities, social and otherwise. There was always someone about the place, either sitting on the steps or squatting in the open foreground, which was a traditionally sacred area known as the *marae*.

No stranger entered the *marae* without an invitation; knowing this, Barrington parked his jeep outside and waited.

It was Tuoro himself who eventually came out and approached him. Barrington climbed down from the jeep and solemnly took the chief's hand.

"*Tena, koe*, Mr. Barrington!"

"*Tena koe, koro*!"

Tuoro smiled, pleased with this *pakeha* who at least knew how to address him correctly. "I hope all is well with you," he said. "Come. Welcome to our *marae*."

"No, I'd rather stay here, thanks."

Tuoro's eyelids fluttered and remained half-closed. "What is the matter?" he asked.

Barrington told him, finishing the story with an accurate description of the poacher. The chief, meantime, had become thoughtful. He was evidently quite disturbed.

"The man's name, Mr. Barrington," he said slowly, "is Joe Harare." Then he turned to one of the youngsters playing in the street and shouted something to him in Maori. The boy raced into the meeting-house.

"It is a serious matter," the chief said. "And, of course, you have your duty to do." But there was a disarming note in his voice, as though he did not expect to be taken too literally. And his next words bore this out: "We never had this kind of trouble with Mr. Starkey."

Barrington felt anger rising within him, but before he could reply someone else approached them from the *marae*. It was not Harare, but a young Maori woman in a simple white dress. She seemed very shy.

"This is Maria Harare," Tuoro explained. "Joe's sister. I will tell her what has happened." He addressed her in Maori, now and again emphasizing a point by jabbing the ground with his carved walking stick.

Barrington watched them, but particularly the young woman. He saw a look of fear come into her large, beautiful eyes, and her small hands clenched tensely as she listened. All the time she avoided looking at the white man, as though she were the guilty one.

Tuoro had finished, and there was an awkward silence. Finally, the chief said: "What will you do with him, Mr. Barrington?"

Barrington glanced at Maria. "First, I'm going to teach him a lesson," he said softly. His meaning was unmistakable.

Tuoro's eyes flashed. "Joe Harare is like a wild bull, my friend. He is very strong."

Barrington shrugged. He was no wild bull himself, but he had been taught how to treat big roughhouse maulers.

"Where is he? That's all I want to know," he said.

Tuoro and Maria exchanged glances. "My brother told me," Maria said timidly, "that he might go hunting. But he may be at home."

"Will you take me there?" Barrington asked gently. Maria nodded, and Barrington gave the chief a stiff bow. "Thank you, *koro*. I'll let you know what happens."

Together, Barrington and Maria walked across the wide, sandy street towards a small wooden house hidden in a grove of trees. Neither of them spoke, probably because the distance to the house was so short, but Barrington desperately wanted to assure the girl that his quarrel was not with her, nor with any other member of her family apart from Joe.

He wanted to ask her to leave while he carried out the unpleasant business of trying to force her brother to his knees. It was not going to be a pretty sight for anyone to watch because, as the chief had said, Joe Harare was as strong as a wild bull. Someone was going to get hurt.

"Excuse me, please," Maria said, and ran quickly into the house.

In a moment she was back. "He is not here," she said. There were tears in her eyes.

"Is his gun there?" Barrington asked.

She shook her head, coming towards him slowly. "He will be in the forest," she told him. "He said so. . . ."

BARRINGTON listened in amazement. The night before, Maria told him, Joe Harare had entertained his friends with a meal of *kereru* and beer, which had been such a success that he had promised them another similar meal. Yes, he'd get more *kereru*; he wasn't afraid of the ranger.

"Please do not fight with my brother," Maria said. "He is not a bad man—just wild and headstrong."

"That's not the point," Barrington said. "He's broken the law."

He turned to leave, but Maria caught up with him. "Let me come with you. Let me talk to him, please."

"Why don't you go back to the *marae* and wait?" he suggested kindly. "I can assure you that no harm will come to your brother, but he's got to respect the law."

"There will be real trouble," she said, and there was fear in her eyes. "If you follow him into the forest he may try to harm you. I think he hates you."

The words chilled Barrington. What had begun as a normal duty was rapidly taking on all the aspects of a deadly feud, or a man hunt. It was absurd, fantastic.

"I don't understand," he said, staring into Maria's eyes. "What's the matter with your brother? Is he crazy? Does he hate all *pakehas*?"

"No." Maria seemed embarrassed.

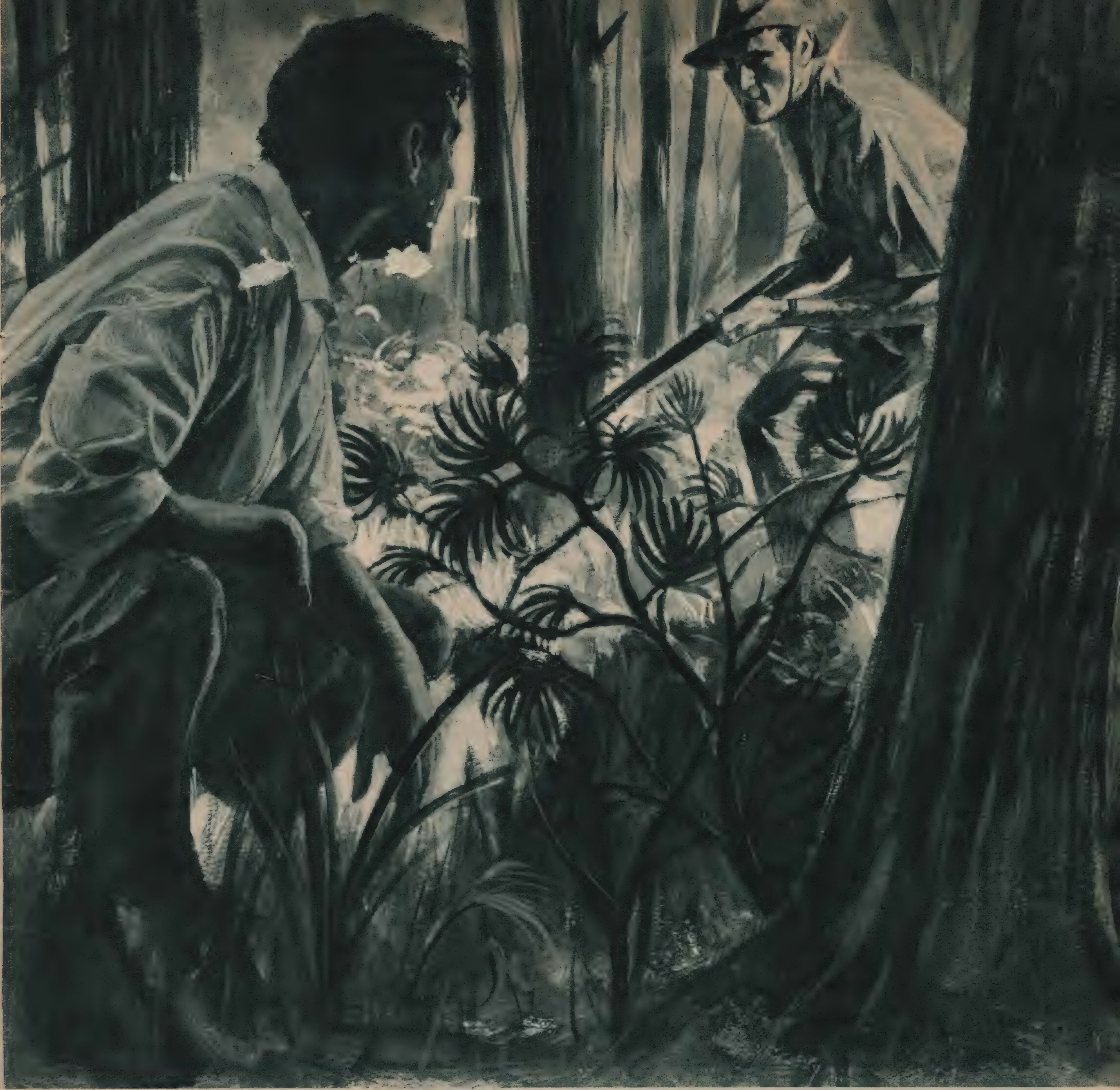
"You mean he just hates me?" he said angrily. "Why?"

Maria hesitated and then falteringly tried to explain. Almost as soon as he arrived, Starkey had caught Joe poaching and, unable to make him obey and see reason, had tried to trounce him. It was a mistake, because Starkey had been soundly beaten; but after that they had become friends.

They had hunted together on the ridges of the Urewera, and Starkey had been a constant visitor at the Harare's house. It had been a shock to Joe when Starkey was suddenly transferred and he was venting his anger on Barrington, who had taken his friend's place.

"Mr. Starkey was a nice man," Maria concluded sadly. "I am the schoolteacher here, and he liked to read. I used to lend him books. He would come down to our house in the evenings and we'd talk about all sorts of things."

Barrington nodded, and for a moment he felt a strange, unreasonable jealousy towards Starkey. "I'd better be going," he said. He looked at her and noticed for the first time that she was more than pretty, that her beauty was that



"I thought you were shooting at me," Barrington said, covering the young man with his rifle. The Maori grinned. "I might have," he replied

of an Italian Madonna—olive-skinned, red-lipped, black-haired. *Poor old Starkey,* he thought.

"I must go," he repeated, and added almost wistfully, "perhaps I'll see you again soon."

By the time Barrington reached his jeep and climbed into it, the eyes of all the villagers seemed to be on him. He felt their hostility deeply; he had wanted to be friends with these people, to become part of their lives while he was stationed in this lovely, isolated village. And there was Maria. Perhaps he, too, might have been able to borrow her books and talk with her on winter evenings.

Barrington left the jeep at his bungalow and, picking up his rifle, set off for the reserve on foot. It was now midday; the sun was at its height. He entered the forest from the main road, at the place where he had met Joe Harare, and he walked as quietly as possible, listening for the slightest sounds.

He still had no definite idea about what he was going to do, except that he was going to bring Harare to justice—at gun point if necessary. He did not anticipate a gun battle, even after what Maria had told him; that was too preposterous for words. But he would have to be ready for it.

When a twig snapped, Barrington crouched and peered through the ferns ahead of him. It was a young hind, staring in his direction as she moved past, and he did nothing that would hasten her flight. If Harare were to be taken peaceably, he must have no warning.

It was the cluck of a wood pigeon somewhere above him that made Barrington pause again and crouch. He peered about him, trying to remember if he had been in this spot before. Was there a trail near, or a clearing?

Undecided for a moment, he stood up and stared at the treetops. As he did so, he started involuntarily at the thundering blast of a shotgun, so close that he imagined his own gun had accidentally discharged. But there was another shot, and this time he had plunged through the ferns before its echo had died away.

Joe Harare, a few yards away, was still in

Continued on page 36

Music maker to high society

by *DON EVERITT*

At country ball and Mayfair party, Tommy Kinsman serves minuets or rock 'n' roll . . . often in two places at once

WHEN three cars were taking a dance band to the Chelmsford Hunt Ball one winter afternoon they ran into thick fog as they left London. At Islington, the band leader, Tommy Kinsman, and two of his men abandoned their car and reached Chelmsford by train in plenty of time. But by ten o'clock, the time for dancing to begin, none of the others had arrived: and one of the missing cars carried most of the instruments.

At ten precisely, Kinsman and his two-piece band struck up the music. In place of the drummer he beat a rhythm with two dessert-spoons. "This," says Kinsman, "wasn't exactly what the country gentry had ordered for their big night of the year."

An hour later, two more musicians arrived. Now Kinsman had five instrumentalists with three instruments. Shortly before 2 a.m., with the dancing happily in full swing to the rhythm of the spoons, Kinsman heard from the occupants of the third car. Still on the road, they telephoned to say that they could go no farther; they would spend the night in the car.

Kinsman, a bandleader who specializes in playing at private engagements, or what the profession calls gigs, says: "The weather sometimes makes the gigster's life grim. The rule is: 'No appearance, no pay.' On the other hand, he's not stuck to the same platform, staring at the same wall and playing the same tunes night after night. He gets around, sees famous homes, meets famous people, sometimes has a ringside seat at historic events."

In 1947, Lady Serena James asked Kinsman to play at a dance at Apsley House, Piccadilly, London, one evening in July.

Crowds gathered at Hyde Park Corner to watch royal and other famous guests arrive. The band, getting there early, found an alarming misunderstanding. "Where," they were asked, "is your piano?" Kinsman explained diplomatically that dance bands did not usually carry their pianos around.

As the guests arrived, Kinsman managed to borrow a piano from the nearby Dorchester Hotel. It was trundled hurriedly on a barrow down Park Lane. "The historic moment came after midnight," says Kinsman, "with the announcement of the engagement of one of the guests, Princess Elizabeth."

Kinsman has made music in Britain's stately homes and fashionable hotels for more than twenty years.

He has played at Windsor Castle, 11 Downing Street (home of the Chancellor of the Exchequer), Coppins (the Duchess of Kent's home), the Foreign Secretary's home, Mansion House and Lincoln's Inn. He has an average of five hundred engagements a year. They take him the length and breadth of the country.

The entries in his diary for one week last year read: MONDAY. 2.24 p.m. train to King's Lynn. 9 p.m.—3 a.m. Hunt Ball. TUESDAY. 7.31 a.m. train to London (no taxis; rode to King's Lynn station on builder's lorry). 11 a.m. Waterloo Air Terminal. 3 p.m. arrived Glasgow to play at party for launching of new Clan liner. WEDNESDAY. Flew back to London. Played at birthday party at Hyde Park Hotel, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. THURSDAY. Rehearsal for broadcast. 9 p.m. to 2.30 a.m. ball at Dorchester. FRIDAY. 7.30 a.m. to 11 a.m. rehearsals and broadcast of *Music While You Work.* 3.30 p.m. train to Sparkford, Somerset, for Hunt Ball. SATURDAY. First train back to London. 3.15 p.m. train to Market Harborough for Hunt Ball; played till 5 a.m. SUNDAY. Early train back to London.

"Not long ago," says Kinsman, "I covered five gigs in one day. I began at a lunch at the Hyde Park Hotel, then went on to a wedding reception in Knightsbridge, played at a cocktail dance at Stanhope Gate between five and seven, carried on to a military ball at Lord Burnham's place at Beaconsfield, and returned at 2.30 a.m. to the Royal Festival Hall to play at a hospital ball till five. Any day begins and ends for me not at twelve midnight but twelve noon."

FREQUENTLY, Kinsman has to split his band to cover simultaneous engagements. This can make life hectic for him. One night he divided his band to play at the Balaclava Ball at the Hyde Park Hotel and the "500" Ball at Claridge's. The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret went to the Balaclava Ball. Princesses Alexandra and Marie Louise attended the "500" Ball.

"I had to try not to be missed at either by the distinguished guests. I had a taxi laid on all night. At the most opportune moments, I dashed from one hotel to the other. I travelled that road, back and forth, eight times. And I

Tommy Kinsman and vocalist Susan Miller sort scores. Kinsman began as a banjo player in a jazz band

A special request to Kinsman. . . . At one dance he played a Charleston for Princess Alexandra—and plaster from the ceiling below fell into food on the buffet table

Kinsman played at the Balaclava Ball, attended by the Queen. He travelled back and forth by taxi between this and another dance

Peggy Kinsman waves goodbye to her husband and some of his band as they set off. Recently Kinsman had five engagements in one day

was dead lucky. At both hotels, I was told, I was there to lead the boys whenever the royal guests danced or requested a special number."

Gig bands—no one seems to know the origin of the expression—operate under a curious traditional system. The men work as freelances. Kinsman, like other gig band leaders, does not technically employ a band full-time; but he does consistently employ the same group of eight to ten men, including two pianists.

"I have an unwritten option on their services. Every Monday morning, my manager, Ralph Goldsmith, goes to Archer Street, where all the West End musicians meet, gives my boys their cheques for the previous week's work and tells them the dates for the next seven days. Outside those dates, they can lay on what recording, broadcasting, filming or teaching work they wish. But, at any time, a new engagement with me takes precedence, provided I give the boys twenty-four hours' notice."

Kinsman reckons that the West End gig player is the most competent of all musicians. "He has to be capable of playing at a moment's notice anything from a minuet to a rock 'n' roll number in immaculate time. He has to memorize not only the current hit tunes but all the hits for the last fifty years."

The minimum rate for each member of the band is £3 for an engagement. "For a first-class gig, the boys earn anything from £5 to £15. After four hours, they get overtime rates." In addition, they receive an overnight subsistence fee for any engagement more than sixty miles from London.

Some hostesses ask Kinsman to draw up for their approval a list of the items his band will play. A few years ago, Lady Doris Vyner booked Kinsman for her silver wedding party at the Hyde Park Hotel. She expected at dinner forty distinguished guests, including King George VI and most of the Royal Family. Kinsman spent anxious hours preparing a balanced programme of dinner music—"Excerpts from *Swan Lake* to go with the pineapple chunks and that sort of thing." Lady Doris threw out his suggestions and gave him instead a list of dance tunes of the previous twenty-five years.

"Lady Doris had booked me only for the dinner, but afterwards one of the guests asked us to play and me to sing an amusing piece called 'Civilization.' I replied that since I had a voice like a nutmeg grater I dared not sing solo. I handed sheet music to the King, the Queen, the Princesses, the Duke of Edinburgh and the others, and they all sang."

This put King George VI in a dancing mood. "Why waste this lovely music?" he said. "Let's dance." They danced till five in the morning. The King stood on the rostrum and played the bass side of the piano accordion, and challenged Kinsman and his men to play old numbers that he thought they might have forgotten.

"It was a real test of our memories, but the King didn't trip us up," says Kinsman. "That gig was the most memorable in my career."

THOMAS FRANCIS KINSMAN was born in Edge Hill, Liverpool. "I don't like to reveal my age," he says, "because I have to mix with so many young people." Between periods of ill-health and unemployment, his father was a baker. Later, he ran a small business as a coal merchant. His son delivered coal on a barrow when he came home from school.

Tommy Kinsman's first experience of music was short-lived. His father sent him for piano lessons, only to find some weeks later that the boy regularly played truant and spent the fee of 1s. 3d.

In 1916, Kinsman, junior, joined the merchant navy as a steward. After the war, he lived for a time on the dole. Then, a friend who played in Jenkins Jazz Band at Liverpool persuaded him to apply to Jenkins for a job as a banjo player.

The friend vouched for Kinsman's ability and he got the job. "I'd never played a banjo in my life," he says.

He bought a banjo for a few shillings from a pawnshop, and his friend slackened the strings and the skin and filled the instrument with socks to deaden the sound. Having had only a few hours' practice, Kinsman played at his first engagement with the band. "Everyone else, except my friend, was so bad that they didn't notice my terrible playing."

Kinsman practised hard at the banjo and eventually got a better job at a dance hall in the Mile End Road, London. Now he started to learn to play the tenor saxophone. When he became competent, he moved into the West End and worked for several leading bandleaders.

In 1931, a contact at Ciro's invited him to form a band to make a one-night trial appearance at the club. The trial extended into a week, and Kinsman then stayed on as resident bandleader for three years. From Ciro's he moved to the Ritz, the Café de Paris, the Princes (now the Pigalle), the Casani Club and Fisher's Restaurant.

"At Fisher's, I made an arrangement allowing me to operate a gig band on certain nights of the week. I was tired of the monotony of resident bandleading." Soon afterwards he devoted himself fully to gig work.

Kinsman lives today in a flat in Paddington. "While I tear about the country, my wife stays at home and looks after the books."

He believes that a big factor in the work of a gig bandleader is his ability to satisfy all tastes in music and "to play the right thing in the right place." This is not always easy.

At one ball, the hostess gave Kinsman strict instructions not to play any boisterous dances. Then Princess Alexandra arrived and asked him to play a Charleston. "I couldn't disobey her," he says.

Two minutes later, the hostess rushed up from the downstairs buffet.

"Stop it," she ordered. "The ceiling plaster is falling on the food."

Kinsman says: "I explained that the young people had asked me to play livelier music. The lady said, 'You should remember it's the old people who pay your bill.'"

He played no more Charlestons. THE END

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Frontier guard on food

by CHRISTOPHER MILLER

When a ship unloads at Liverpool, George Williams has first taste of the cargo—to see that it's fit to eat

George Williams sterilizes instruments used for testing eggs. Inspectors must have keen senses of taste, touch and smell—and a sharp instinct

On the label of the tin of salmon a cluster of rust specks caught George Williams's attention. The port food officer tore off the label and scraped the side of the tin clean. Droplets of juice seeped through pinpricks in the metal. A second tin showed no signs of leakage. The next two bore the tell-tale rust marks. Out of his first dozen samples, Williams found five with this curious defect.

In front of the great piles of crates of canned salmon in the Liverpool warehouse, he stood and scratched his head. The consignment, just in from Canada, consisted of 1,344,000 tins, now distributed among several warehouses. How could he sort out the faulty tins other than by a microscopic inspection of every one? And what had caused the tiny leakages?

The investigation took Williams and his colleagues of the port health authority months. Early on, he discovered that the perforations occurred only in tins packed in cartons codemarked with an E. He found that the rusting developed on the tins only where the ends of the labels overlapped: some oxidizing agent used in the gum had attacked the metal.

But these discoveries did little to speed up the examination. The rust formed at a different rate from one tin to the next, and no sooner had Williams passed a batch as fit for human consumption than some of the tins began to leak. After almost a year, the port health authority finally sanctioned the distribution of the still suspect cartons marked E to large canteens in towns where the local medical officers had agreed to re-examine the canned salmon immediately before its consumption.

"The Canadian packers confirmed that they had experimented with a new gum on tins in the E cartons," says Williams. "After the trouble they caused, they won't do it again."

Williams is a dockside detective in uniform who tracks down unsound food. He is a slim, grey-haired man; workmanlike, equable and quick to make friends. Now fifty-one, he has spent twenty-five years on the Liverpool waterfront examining foodstuffs of every kind from almost every place on earth. During the last eighteen months, he and a colleague have spent hundreds of hours smelling and taking bacteriological samples of frozen and dried eggs shipped from China. "Sampling of imported eggs has become much more stringent since they caused several outbreaks of food poisoning," says Williams.

The thirty-strong team of doctors, food and sanitary inspectors and rat catchers who make up the Liverpool Port Health Authority have the responsibility of preventing the importation of epidemic diseases and of unwholesome food, and of safeguarding the hygiene of the port and the ships which use it. They control both sides of the Mersey Estuary from Formby in the north to Hoylake in the south and as far inland as the entrance to the Manchester Ship Canal.

All shipping using the canal comes under the authority's jurisdiction. The costs of this work, estimated for 1956 at £32,306, are borne by Liverpool Corporation, other interested local authorities and Ministry of Health grants.

Professor Andrew B. Semple, medical officer of both Liverpool and the port, says: "Hygiene in a nation's ports is the first key to a healthy population." Dr. Edward R. Peirce, the senior assistant port medical officer who controls the day-to-day running of the authority, describes its work as "a form of health insurance." The latest statistics show that in 1955 more than 12,600 ships brought sixty thousand passengers and six million tons of food into the Port of Liverpool.

"It's physically impossible for us to see all the foodstuffs landed here," says George Williams, "but we know from experience which commodities and which packs are unreliable. Nothing much can go wrong with potatoes, but meat obviously needs careful inspection."

Not long ago, the authority received complaints about a cargo of Canadian boneless beef passed fit for human consumption by the inspectors. Williams re-examined part of the consignment, which was still lying in cold store. Externally, the meat had no defects. But when Williams cut deep into it, he smelled acetylene.

Neither he nor the laboratories of the city analyst and the public health service could explain the odour. Eventually, a representative of the Canadian packers flew to Liverpool, and Williams at last discovered that the cattle had fed extensively on a flowering plant appropriately called stinkweed. The offensive acetylene-like odour had got into the bloodstream of the cattle. On this ground, Williams condemned a hundred and two quarters of beef.

The inspector needs keen senses. He tastes for tainted food; he feels for traces of overheating and moisture; he shakes cans and listens for the sloppy sounds which indicate that the contents have decomposed; he raps the cans with his forefinger to detect whether micro-organisms or internal corrosion have formed gases. Above all, he keeps his eyes constantly alert.

In September, 1949, a ship landed 160,000 boxes of sultanas from Iran. In 15,383 boxes, Williams and the other inspectors found numerous pieces of flint-like stone, some with jagged, razor-sharp edges, embedded in the fruit. "They would have cut to pieces anyone who ate them." Williams arranged for all the spoiled sultanas to be machine-washed under pressure, passed over magnets, oven dried and finally hand-picked under a food inspector's supervision. In this reconditioning the sultanas

Continued on page 42

In the city analyst's department, fruit is examined for banned chemical substances such as insecticides and preservatives

JOHN BULL PHOTOGRAPHS BY ARTHUR WHITTINGTON

Final Balance

by *JOHN NIELD*

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD O. ROSE

Clarence was an accountant, so two and two had to make four . . . even if it made his father a wicked old crook

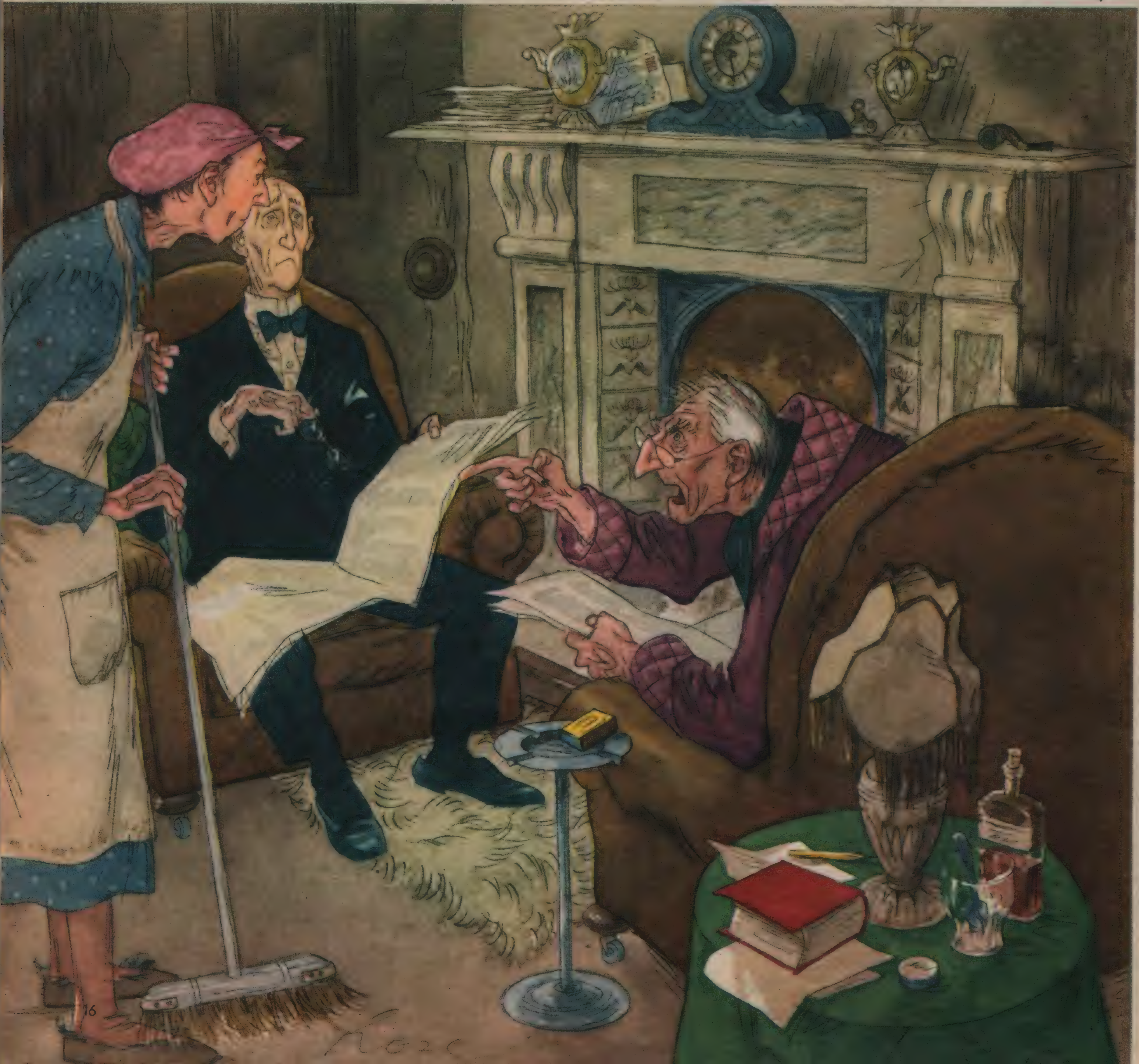
PEARSON, the commissionaire, in his cubby-hole by the front door, elbows propped on evening paper-covered desk, was brooding gloomily over the epitaph it contained on his two "certs" for that day. After a while he yawned and looked morosely at the clock. Another train gone and perishing old Wayleigh was still hanging about upstairs as usual.

Anybody else you could have asked to lock up after them and hopped it, but one didn't take such liberties with perishing Mr. Wayleigh.

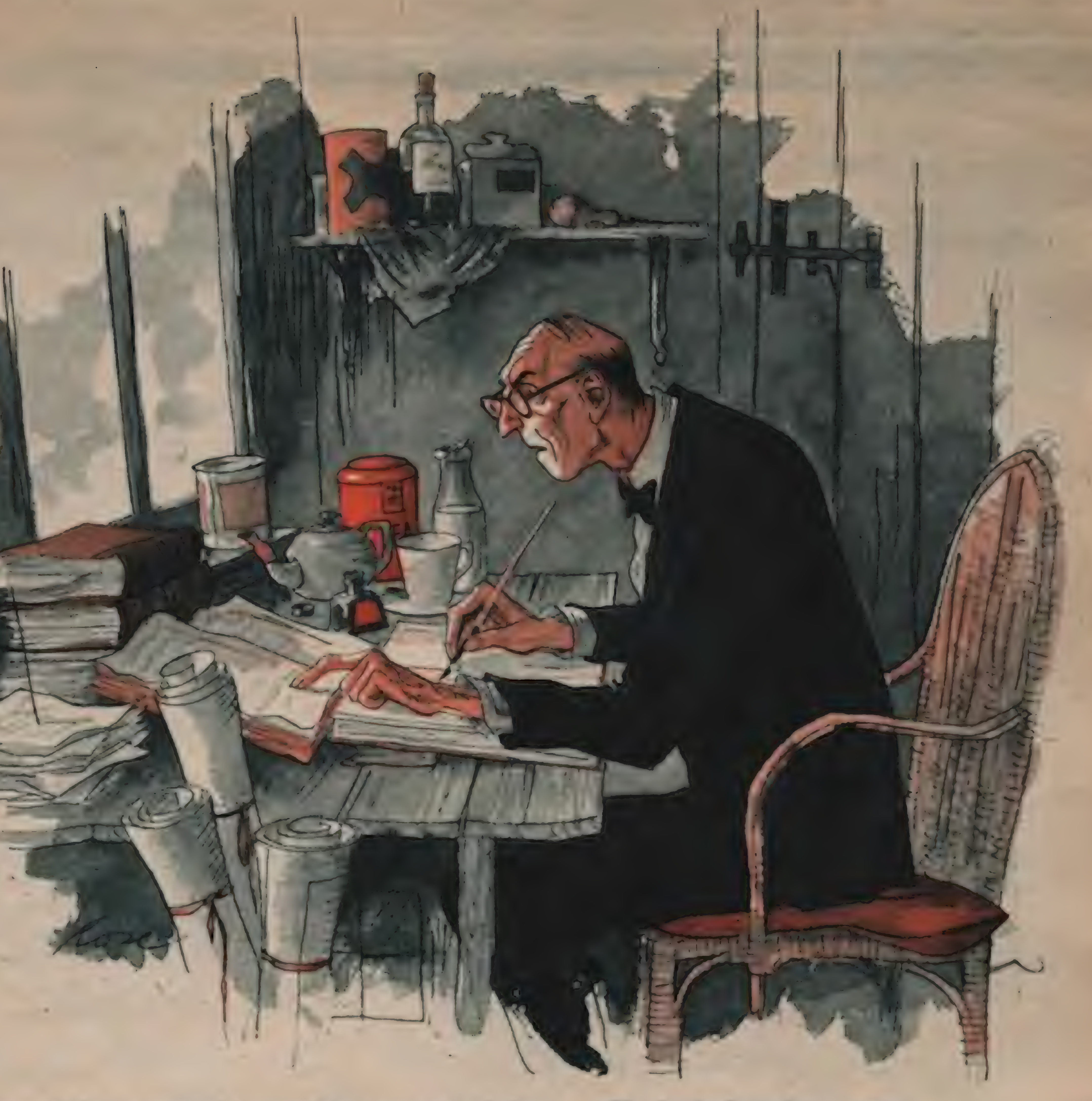
Presently the lift whined, the doors clashed and Mr. Wayleigh emerged, parchment-faced, dark-suited, prim, precise, wraithlike, as though the accounts department was giving up its dead.

An office wit had once declared that old Wayleigh hadn't been born in the normal course of nature but had been printed in black and white by the *Accountant* and issued by it as a supplement.

"I have locked my office door, Pearson," said



Old Jake roared at Miss Wayleigh, a mere chit of seventy: "You'll be giving up work next, too, eh? Well, nobody gives up work round here—only me"



Clarence's brow creased—something was out of gear. . . . No, he had made no error

Mr. Wayleigh in his high, frosted voice. "Here is the key. Hang it up carefully."

"Yessir." Pearson intoned his part of the evening ritual.

"Go carefully round the top floor. I'm sure I saw lights carelessly left burning."

"Y'sir."

"And, Pearson, examine all waste-paper baskets. I am positive I smelled burning."

"Sir." Mr. Wayleigh had smelled burning every night since the no-smoking rule had been so regrettably relaxed twenty-odd years ago.

"Good night, Pearson."

"Night, sir." Pearson shut the heavy outer doors behind Mr. Wayleigh's spare figure. "Perishing old woman," muttered Pearson to himself, as always. Then something which both he and Mr. Wayleigh had quite overlooked dawned on him. "Good Lord!" he said, flabbergasted. "He won't be here tomorrow. He won't be here never no more."

After fifty years, Mr. Wayleigh had retired that day. . . .

Quite unaware himself of the momentous occasion, Mr. Wayleigh made his way to his home, or rather to his father's home, whose roof Mr. Wayleigh in single blessedness still shared. Once the district where the Wayleighs lived had been a new and prosperous suburb. Now it was little better than a working-class slum. But old Jake Wayleigh, never particularly class-conscious, couldn't care less, and his two children—our Mr. Wayleigh and his sister, who kept house for them—had never had any separate entities so far as their father was concerned.

Our Mr. Clarence Wayleigh stood storklike, balanced on the doormat, first on one foot then the other, changing his shoes for his slippers; which ritual completed, the run of the house would be his.

"Your tea's in the dining-room," directed his sister mechanically, as if he were a stranger in those parts, "and Dad's in the lounge."

There was no doubt that Dad was in the lounge. He seemed to be sharing it with the combined forces of the B.B.C. and I.T.A. The noise was deafening. Clarence had introduced TV some years before, hoping for quiet hours of gentle information from the more sedate B.B.C. programmes. Old Jake had taken it up enthusiastically and always seemed to find an endless succession of the noisiest type of lowest-brow programmes.

Clarence sat down to his meal.

"So you've finished, eh?" said his sister, bringing a plate of excellent fish; cooking was her passion, and they fed like fighting-cocks.

"Finished?" said Clarence.

"You've retired, haven't you?"

"Yes," said Clarence, surprised, putting down his knife and fork. "Yes, I suppose I have."

"What did they give you?"

"A clock. It was too big to carry. They're sending it along tomorrow."

His sister sniffed. "Sounds pretty measly to me."

"It's a very nice clock," maintained Clarence. His loyalty was of that sort that demands no other reason than the fact that he belonged to the object of it. Had he ever landed in jail, he would soon have been maintaining stoutly that it was the finest jail in the country.

"Well, you can't keep it down here. Father wouldn't like any of his clocks turned out. And there's no room on your mantel upstairs. You'll have to put it away in your wardrobe until we can think of something."

There was a silence. *Fifty years,* thought Clarence bitterly; *retired, and can't even keep my clock where I like.*

"What are you going to do now?" demanded his sister, whose great obsession was that everybody should always be *doing* something.

"I don't know," said Clarence. "I haven't thought. I've been busy right up to the last. It will sort itself out, I daresay."

He spent the evening quite normally, went to bed, got up at his usual time, dressed in his office clothes, had breakfast. Then the path of fifty years disappeared before him, and he sat looking with dismay into a void of uncharted days.

"You can't sit there," said his sister, bustling about. "Dad will be down for his breakfast in a moment. He won't want to find you hanging about. Go for a walk. Go and sit in the dining-room. You'll have to find something to *do.*"

Clarence went and sat in the dining-room and read his paper uneasily. The room had an evening smell, it was unnatural to be there during the day.

Presently the door opened and old Jake clawed his way in. He had been a stocky, corpulent little man; now, at ninety-five, he was all ribs and bones thinly skin-covered, with, in the midst of them, spiderwise, a pendulous, round football of a stomach. He had the blue, untroubled eyes of a baby above a beak of a nose now far too large for its face. Mentally he alternated between being a wise child and a childish man.

He stooped gruntingly down and presented his rump to Clarence as he heaved some coal on the fire. Then he drew his chair round, banged the cushions, lowered himself joint by joint, carefully rolled a cigarette, lit it, coughed terribly, spat at the fire, and unfolded his paper. Then, as if realizing there was a change in the scenery, he glared round the newspaper and spotted Clarence.

"What the hell do you want?" he asked aggrievedly.

"Nothing," said Clarence, in knickerbockers again, as always where his father was concerned.

"What are you hanging about here for then?" demanded his father. "You're not ill, are you?"

"No," said Clarence.

"Then why aren't you off to work?"

"I'm not going to work today."

"Cor," snorted his father, raising his paper a little, "not another day off? Wonder you do any work at all these days, the days you have off."

"I'm not going to work any more," said Clarence.

Down went the newspaper again; up went his father's white scrubby hair, bristling.

"That's what you think," roared old Jake. "You mean you've lost yer job, heh? I'm not surprised. Wouldn't pay you in washers, meself. Well, you'd better get out right away and find yourself another. I'm not having any son of mine lazying about the house."

"I've retired, Dad," bleated Clarence.

"Oh, no you haven't," decided old Mr. Wayleigh promptly. "You needn't think you're going to hang about and live on me, me boy."

"I don't. I——"

"While you bring your money in every week," bellowed old Wayleigh, who was in fine voice today, "there's a home here for you. When you don't, then you needn't come home here. So I'm warning you."

"What's the matter, Dad?" said Miss Wayleigh, appearing, as greatly annoyed at being disturbed at her work as an archbishop might be at being interrupted in his prayers. "You can hear you all over the house."

"It's my house," roared Jake, "and I'll be heard all over it if I want to. This bloke here, lorst his job. Thinks he's going to sit about the house all day and be a burden to me."

"But he hasn't lost his job," Miss Wayleigh endeavoured to explain. "He's given up work."

"So you're on his side, too," said Mr. Wayleigh, Sen., scathingly. "You'll be giving up work next, too, eh?"

Miss Wayleigh, a mere chit of seventy, who would give up work and the ghost in unison, said snappishly: "Now, Father——"

"Well," bellowed old Jake, who still had the loudest voice of them all, "nobody gives up work round here—only me."

"You'd better go," said Miss Wayleigh to

Continued on page 37

THREE STEPS FORWARD—3

I go home at last

by VERA DEAN

After years in hospital, I was free. New hope lay ahead, but first I had to learn how to live at home. It wasn't always easy

FOR the first time in my nineteen years I had walked a few steps, unaided. Without telling anyone in the Cerebral Palsy Unit, I had gone out alone into the grounds of Queen Mary's Hospital for Children at Carshalton, Surrey, supporting myself by pushing a wheel chair. I had crawled away from the wheel chair, got on to my feet—and walked a few steps before collapsing on the grass.

This was my triumph. After a childhood as a "spastic," in and out of hospital, I had been taken into the unit run for cerebral palsied children by Mrs. Eirene Collis, who had new ideas about training. She gave me hope that one day I would become independent and of use in the world, gradually conquering my handicaps of defective movement, including speech.

And now, on my own, I had walked. Overwhelmed with joy, I cried like a baby. I wished more than anything else that Father had still been alive to see me walk. He would have been so proud. I put my hands together and thanked God for the miracle He had wrought in me that day.

Pushing the wheel chair, I walked back indoors.

I decided not to tell anyone what had happened in case they did not believe me, as I felt that I could not show them yet.

"Until I can walk ten steps, I will not tell anyone, not even John," I said to myself. John, another patient, was my dearest friend.

Luckily the weather kept fine for several days, and each night after supper I practised on the grass. Mrs. Collis had gone on holiday a few days previously, and I wanted to be able to show her I could walk when she came back.

John kept asking why I looked so happy, but I would not tell him as I wanted to keep the secret a little longer.

By the weekend I could walk ten steps without falling and, after supper on Saturday, I confided in John.

"I can walk ten steps by myself now. Don't tell anyone yet, will you?"

His eyes widened.

"I don't believe you," he spluttered. "I just won't believe you until I see you do it. If you can walk, then show me after this meal."

"I can only walk on grass," I hedged. "I have not tried walking indoors yet."

"Well, if you can walk on unlevel ground, you should certainly be able to walk on a good floor. Go on, Vera, get going," he ordered.

I crawled from the table to the middle of the room and slowly stood up. Laboriously I took five steps forward and then fell over backwards.

John and I kept our secret until the day Mrs. Collis returned from holiday.

The morning seemed to drag, I was so excited at the thought of showing Mrs. Collis how I had progressed while she had been away. At last it was time to go into the treatment room, and, with the aid of walking sticks, I went in.

"Keep those sticks nearer to you," called Mrs. Collis.

This was the moment I had waited for. Feeling very nervous and shaky, I put the two wooden sticks on the table and, with my arms outstretched, I walked forward. My body was bent almost double and I had a very wide gait, my legs being about eighteen inches apart. Each step took approximately two minutes to make, and carried me forward about two inches, but I was walking and was delighted with myself.

Mrs. Collis was silent. I had expected praise, and looked at her expectantly.

Quietly she asked: "How long have you been walking on your own?"

"About a month. I started just after you went away."

"It's not very good, is it? Never mind, now we will learn to do it properly," she said bluntly, and there and then the difficult job began. . . .

As a special treat, Mrs. Collis took me and a little girl named Evelyn to see the *Swan Lake* ballet at Covent Garden. We sat in a box and, as the lovely strains of the familiar music drifted up to us, my mind seemed to disentangle itself from its awkward body and float upwards into a world of grace and beauty. Oblivious of everything and everyone except the fairylike movements on the stage below, I watched enchanted.

Glancing at her programme, Mrs. Collis recognized the name of one of the ballerinas as a

Her tricycle and her typewriter have helped Vera towards independence. When she first tried to type "the result was an awful mess," she says. But soon she began to write the opening chapter of this story of her own life

Hal and Alfreda Gentry (below) introduced Vera to the Rangers, and eventually she was able to go to camp and do her share of the camp chores. At Rangers' meetings she learned confidence. "I could say what I liked," she says

friend of hers and during the interval she invited her to our box. As the beautiful young lady came in I felt that I must surely be dreaming. She shook hands with us and talked for a few minutes. From that day my love of ballet became more firmly rooted than ever.

By now Mrs. Collis was in great demand to give lectures all over the country, and a few days after our trip to the ballet she asked whether I would like to accompany her on a visit to a London children's hospital. I was delighted to be of some service to her, and did not mind in the least sitting on the lecture room platform to show the doctors and students how I relaxed and went "floppy," and then going through my routine movements.

I had never been happier in my life than I was at this time. At last there seemed to be some meaning to my life—I had a job to do, a job that I enjoyed; I had my own little room, good food, firm friends and hope for the future.

On Friday mornings Mrs. Collis gave lectures to the orderlies and as I was now an orderly I attended the lectures with the others. We were taught how to carry the children and wash and dress them and take them to the toilet. We were also told about the emotions of cerebral palsied children. Every child loves and hates, cries and laughs, but the cerebral palsied child may show these things too much. He may laugh loudly and hysterically, he may love very deeply, and he may hate when he feels he has been slighted in some small way.

When the responsibilities of the day were over and the children were in bed, John and I used to sit in the deserted schoolroom to listen to the radio. We had grown so close to each other, we were more like brother and sister than two patients in a research unit.

Then one summer day as I was walking across the courtyard after rest-hour, half asleep, I saw John coming towards me with his mother.

"Goodbye, Vera," he said simply. "I will write soon."

I thought he was only going home for a holiday.

It was not until the next day that Mrs. Collis told me that John had gone home for good. For a week I cried myself to sleep each night and then I decided to write to him.

John and I still correspond, but we have never met since that day.

For three and a half years I had been helping in the schoolroom, but I wanted to know the work from every side and so it was arranged that I should give up schooling and help in the occupational therapy room instead.

The term "occupational therapy" is normally used to describe lessons in weaving, sewing, knitting, making toys, etc., but this is not the kind of occupational therapy that Miss Lilian Kember, one of the staff at the unit, gave in those days. She spent her time in helping us to lead normal lives. She taught us how to wash, dress and feed ourselves, to comb our hair and attend to our personal needs, to do up buttons and bootlaces, and the thousand and one everyday tasks that come naturally to normal people.

Most of the children made good progress and it was gratifying to see them improving so much.

THREE happy months passed until one morning as I slipped out of bed I felt a sharp pain in my left wrist. Within a few days the whole arm was stiff and sore. The doctor bound it with sticking-plaster, from the bottom of my fingers up to the elbow.

"Have I bruised a bone or something like that?" I asked.

"No, you've got tenosynovitis"—inflammation of a tendon—"in your thumb, and I don't want you to move your wrist at all."

After a fortnight the sticky plaster was removed and the wrist appeared to be better but a few days later it started to hurt again and the medical superintendent suggested it should be put in plaster of paris. The plaster was terribly heavy. There was only one consolation: as I walked the arm did not unpredictably fly up into the air (as it still often did) because the weight of the plaster kept it hanging by my side.

One morning, the doctor told me: "I want you to wear a sling for a little while. It will help your wrist to get better."

My heart sank, for with a sling I would be really handicapped. "But, Doctor, if I wear that my balance will be wrong and I won't be able to walk properly."

"I can't help that—you must rest the arm."

The sling was put on and I wore it for the next three months.

Walking was very difficult at first because I had been taught to walk with my hands in my pockets (to overcome the tendency to stretch them out in front of me) and now I had to learn to walk carrying this heavyweight strapped around my neck.

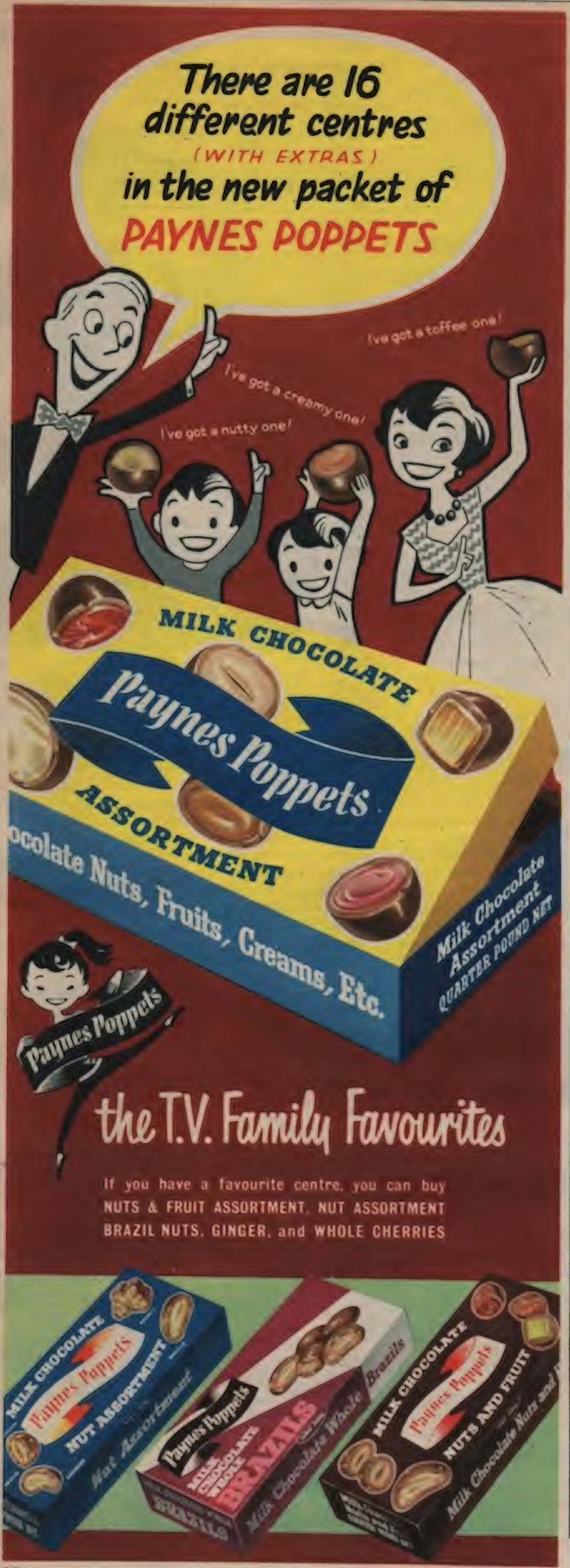
To cheer me up, Mother took me home for a few days. The hospital clothes that I wore were a bit babyish for a girl of twenty so I borrowed some of my sister Gladys's things.

On the Monday I dressed up in a pair of navy blue slacks and a wine coloured short coat, and in place of the white sling Mother pinned a wine-coloured scarf round my elbow. It was the occasion of the silver wedding celebrations of King George VI and Queen Elizabeth, and Mother pushed me in the wheel chair the four or five miles to St. Paul's Cathedral and then tried to find a good spot for us to see the procession from.

Unfortunately, by the time we arrived the streets were packed and we found ourselves jammed against the wall at the back of the crowd. Soon a woman with a child spoke to Mother. "Your girl will see nothing from where she is. Please let me take her to the front."

Before long the Royal carriage came in sight and everyone cheered and waved. I was very excited as this was the first time I had seen any of the Royal Family, then suddenly I wondered what the King would think if he saw one of his subjects sitting in his presence. I wanted to stand up but couldn't do so because of the crowds, and the kind lady was holding her own little girl in her arms so she couldn't help me.

The humour of the situation struck me—here was I with my arm in a sling, dressed in slacks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IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

and sitting on the pavement in the centre of London while the King and Queen in all their grandeur passed within a few feet. I burst out laughing and was still laughing when the crowd dispersed and Mother helped me back into the wheel chair.

When I returned to the hospital a few days later, Miss Kember came out to greet me. She seemed very excited as she took my arm and said, "Come with me. There is something waiting for you in the schoolroom."

We walked in and stopped in front of something covered by several red blankets.

"Now pull the corner," she chuckled.

I thought she was playing a joke on me but I pulled, and then could not believe my eyes. There stood a magnificent full-size tricycle. Speechless, I wondered where it had come from. Then I remembered that I had been walking through the courtyard one day when, as usual, I fell over—and had been surprised to feel a pair of strong arms picking me up and putting me back on my feet. The strong arms belonged to Paul Cadbury, one of the well-known family of chocolate manufacturers. Later that day I had asked Mrs. Collis if it would be possible for me to have a tricycle as I did not want to be dependent upon other people when I went home. She had replied, "Then write to Mr. Cadbury and ask him very nicely if he will give you one. He has offered to make us a gift."

I had written the letter, not very hopefully, and now, nine months later, here was this beautiful tricycle, my passport to freedom.

But how could I ride it with my arm in a sling? Impatiently I waited for the day when the plaster was to come off, and at last the doctor gave her consent.

Every evening I went into the little room where the tricycle was kept and practised getting on and off. At first it felt strange sitting in the saddle such a long way up from the ground and with no back-rest or support, but by the end of a week I felt more confident and wheeled the bike out into the courtyard to learn how to pedal and steer. Steering was easy but pedalling was more difficult because my feet just wouldn't stay on the pedals. They would do one or two turns and then fly up into the air, and it took several minutes to get them back in position. Eventually it became easier and, as long as I stayed on level ground, I found I could control the bike, and my feet, quite well. Learning to ride the tricycle properly was part of my work. For this I went all round the hospital grounds and sometimes on the roads outside as well.

OUR little unit was becoming famous and gradually growing in size. Besides Mrs. Collis, Miss Kember and Judy Hernshaw, the unit schoolteacher, we now had Erling Bjerkhoel, a Norwegian who had been a student at the unit, and another Norwegian therapist, Karen Ellingsen.

One of the workers, Patricia Greenfield-Brown, had married and had left the unit to live in the north of England and planned to start a cerebral palsy clinic of her own. Before she left she arranged that when she started the clinic she would send for me to go and work with her. But one day Mrs. Collis told me that everything had fallen through, and once more I had a broken heart. Didn't anyone want a girl with a handicap? Surely I was of some use in this world? Night after night I lay awake, wondering what the future held. Would I ever work? Surely I could if only I was given the chance, and a small voice in my heart kept repeating, "Help cerebral palsied people, you know something about that. Help cerebral palsied people."

Once again Mrs. Collis started combing the countryside to find someone who would give me a job. She believed as I did that I could work if only I was given the chance. But the result was always the same—she came up against a blank wall every time.

At Christmas, 1948, I went home for a few days' holiday and while I was there Mother received notice that, as I was almost twenty-one, I would have to leave Queen Mary's and go to a hospital for incurables in South London. I was to go there on the following Monday.

It had come at last, the bombshell I had dreaded so long.

I knew a number of girls from Queen Mary's had gone to this hospital before me and I also knew that once they got there very few of them came out. My fear of this place was so great that I had always said I would rather die than go there—I did not want to be classed as an "incurable" for the rest of my life.

Mrs. Collis knew all about my fears and had kept me at the unit as long as she dared; but hospital rules cannot be broken indefinitely and, after all, Queen Mary's was a children's hospital.

As I lay in bed that night my body was filled with despair. "Oh, God," I prayed, "if I have no purpose in life, if I cannot help someone somehow, then what is the use of going on living? If I am no use to anyone, please take me home with You. I don't want to be a burden to anyone. Please don't let me spend the rest of my days in that horrible place."

My pillow was soaked with many tears before I at last fell into an uneasy sleep.

The weekend passed under an aura of gloom until, on Monday morning, Mother and I were taken by ambulance to my new home. With a few parting words of cheer, Mother left and I was taken into the large dayroom for dinner. Here those women who were allowed up sat around in wheel chairs and had their meals.

A number of young women were already seated around a long table and I was placed on a chair at the end. The women talked between themselves, but nobody spoke to me. I was too miserable to care much, and picked at the unappetizing meal set before me.

For two or three days I felt like an outcast. Nobody spoke to me, and when I tried to talk to the others they didn't seem to understand what I was saying. Probably a great deal of this isolation was my own fault; I was frightened of them and of my new surroundings.

Many of these women had been here for years and had become used to the dull routine. They were happy enough in their own peculiar way and could not understand why I disliked the place so much.

"You've been spoiled all your life, that's the trouble with you," one young woman sneered. "Don't think you can come here and do just as you please. We've been here for years and don't get many privileges, so you needn't think that you can do just as you like."

MOST of the women slept in the wards, but there were a few small side rooms and I shared one of these with a woman named Betty, who was about thirty-five years old. We took an instant dislike to each other. For years Betty had had this room to herself and she resented having to make room for me—a mere child, as she thought.

I was told to go to bed each night at 5.30 p.m. and stayed there with nothing to do but sleep until seven next morning. I could not carry things and walk at the same time, and I did not like to keep on asking the women to fetch and carry for me. Betty used to go to bed at 6.30 p.m. and then put on her earphones and bring out her needlework. Not a word would pass between us until 8 p.m. when we were tucked down for the night.

Every day was exactly the same as the one

Continued on page 39

THE STOLEN BOY

by HENRY WADE

ILLUSTRATED BY OSTRICK

Vine had evidence . . . now he needed proof. Perhaps a little play-acting would trap the kidnappers

BEN LITMORE was kidnapped in the rainy streets of the north-eastern seaport of Farborough on a Tuesday evening in April. A heavily built man took the ten-year-old boy away in an old car. Five days later he was freed—after his father, Herbert Litmore, a newspaper proprietor, had parted with ten thousand pounds.

The money, left in a rucksack on the Common, was picked up by a slight figure on a motor-cycle—one jump ahead of the police.

Who was the kidnapper? One suspect was Sam Oldwistle, a funfair owner—Litmore's paper had been hitting at funfairs. But Oldwistle claimed he was "at the dogs" at the time, and Norris Shefton, Litmore's own son-in-law, bore that out.

Then Ben Litmore startled everyone. Jonnison, a local police superintendent, had a missing middle finger. From that, Ben identified him as the man who had driven the car that picked him up. It was a fantastic accusation—but Chief Inspector Vine, of Scotland Yard, had to be called in to investigate it.

Meanwhile, Superintendent Dale, of the city's C.I.D., was working from another angle. Ben had been kept under drugs. He spoke vaguely of a patch on the ceiling of a room, and of something he called "the elephant."

Dale believed that the boy had been held in a bungalow rented by a sulkily attractive girl named June Hanset. Could she have collected the ransom? If she had, where was her motor-cycle? She had not been seen with it for months.

Dale visited the girl's home in Duquesne Road. There he saw a holiday camp photograph of her in a Bikini, with the legend, *Beauty of Gullivants, 1951*. And he found a stain on the ceiling of the spare room, a stain that could be seen as a grotesque elephant. . . .

FINAL INSTALMENT

Hideout In The Woods

SUPERINTENDENT DALE had arranged that June Hanset's bungalow, Peacehaven, should continue to be watched. In The Laurels, over the way, Sergeant Mary Wittam was quietly reading to her friend Mrs. Hettle. In the grassy lane behind the bungalows, Detective-Sergeant Tatley, disguised as a labourer, was doing a useful job in clearing out a long-neglected ditch.

The day dragged by, but no one entered or left Peacehaven until about half-past seven, when June Hanset came through the drive gate and out into Duquesne Road. Sergeant Wittam slipped out and followed. Her training told her that if this woman were guilty she would be frightened. She might do something silly.

The light was fading so quickly that Mary Wittam found it difficult to keep the girl in sight without getting so close as to attract attention. She came to a turning to the right—a quiet country road. There was no sign of June Hanset. Mary Wittam stopped, and listened. Surely that was a footstep?

Sergeant Wittam turned down the country road and hurried after those retreating steps. Then the sound became muffled and Mary realized that the surface of the road was becoming muddy. Suddenly there was a faint flash of light a hundred yards ahead. Probably June Hanset had become aware of the mud and was anxious not to foul her shoes.

The road now ran alongside what, in the darkness, appeared to be a large wood. Still the light flickered ahead, for another hundred yards perhaps, and then disappeared. Sergeant Wittam had just realized that the wood on her left had ended when she caught the flash of light again—away to her left and a little behind her, in the wood. Turning quietly back she saw that there was a gate leading into the wood. The gate was open.

She followed the track into the wood. The light was stationary, about fifty yards ahead. Suddenly there was a faint creak—the sound of a door opening?

The light was invisible now, and Sergeant Wittam again crept forward, ready to dive in among the trees and shrubs beside the track. Gradually she made out the outline of a fair-sized hut, perhaps a woodman's hut. It looked deserted and partly derelict. Sergeant Wittam crouched down in a bush to watch. Minutes passed. Then the door opened, and out came a figure, wheeling a motor-bicycle.

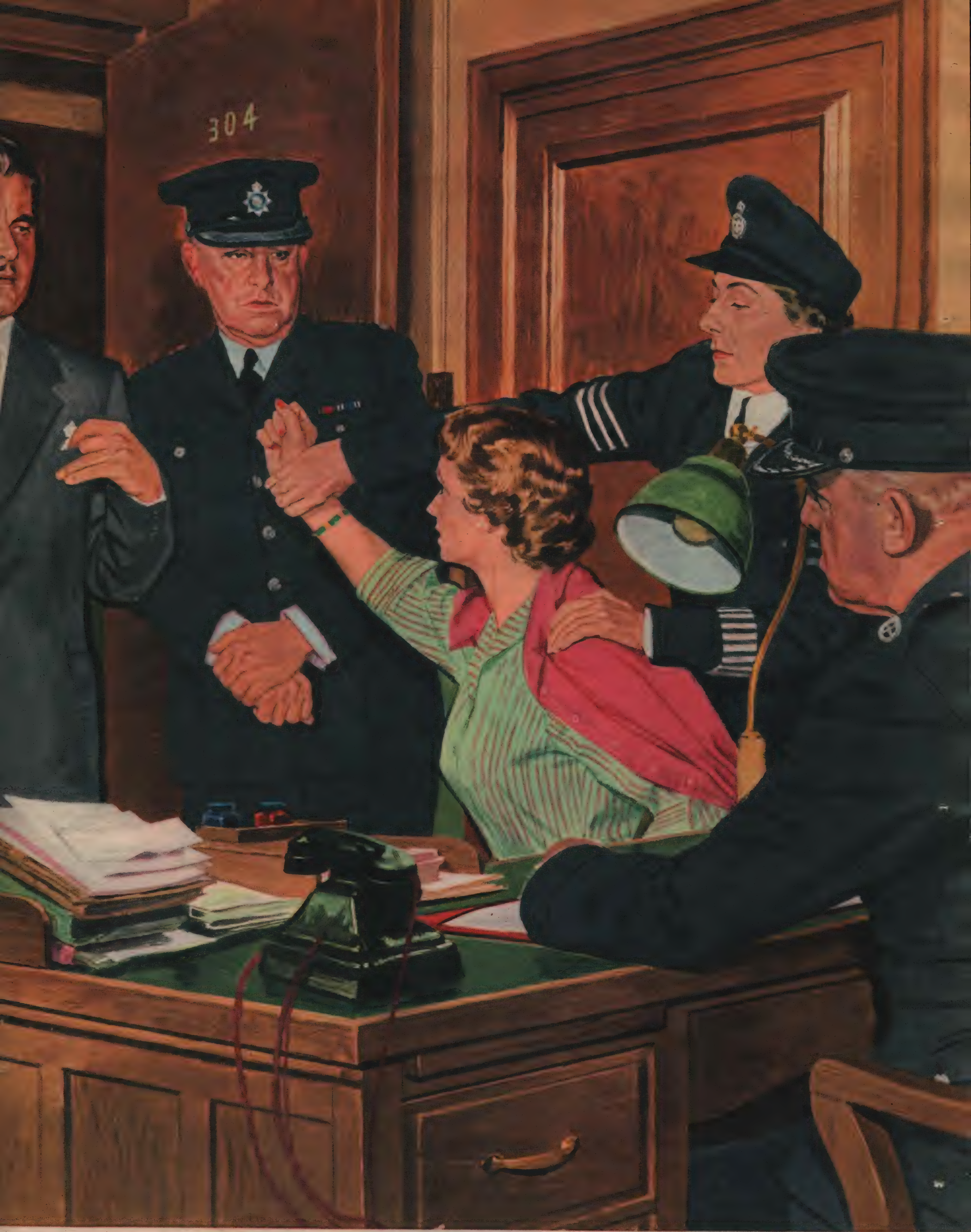
Mary Wittam watched as the machine was pushed out to the road. Not till the engine had been kicked into life and the motor-cycle was under way did its rider switch on the lights—too late for Mary to see the number, or the make.

But she had no doubts. This was where June Hanset's motor-cycle had gone when the neighbours saw it no more. This was where it had returned after collecting the ransom. Could that money still be here? Tense with excitement, Mary set off to find a phone. . . .

Elated by the success of his visit to June

£475 a ye
Ostrick

June Hanset had to be forc



restrained as she tried to strike Jonnison. "Oh!" she cried. "You . . . you . . . dirty traitor!" The fury in her face and voice was an echo of her words

Hanset's bungalow, Superintendent Dale asked for an afternoon conference at Headquarters. The senior officers listened with interest to the story he had to tell.

Finally, having laid a sketch of "the elephant" in front of Richard Faidlaw, the chief constable, Dale said: "I am afraid I must ask that the Litmore boy should be brought back to Farborough now to identify it."

Faidlaw looked doubtful. He said: "The boy appears to have told you that he remembered there was a patch of damp on the ceiling and at other times he appears to have talked vaguely about an elephant, but did he never connect the two?"

"No, sir, not to my knowledge," said Dale stubbornly, "but surely this proves that the two were connected in his mind, even if subconsciously."

The chief constable still appeared unimpressed.

"I think Superintendent Dale has found the answer all right, sir," Vine said tactfully, "but I am not sure that bringing the boy back is necessary just yet. I think Mr. Dale's other discovery may prove to be of even greater importance, sir. That photograph may well lead us to the man."

"The bathing beauty? Gullivant's is some sort of holiday camp, isn't it?"

Vine suppressed a smile. Gullivant's—on the Welsh coast—was probably the most successful holiday camp in the United Kingdom. He explained this to Faidlaw, who agreed that a visit to the camp might give useful results.

Next day, Chief Inspector Vine and Sergeant Mary Wittam set out by car for Llan-y-faedda, the best part of a day's drive away. Ten o'clock the following morning found them seated in the spacious office of Mr. Morgan-Williams, local manager of Gullivant's Holiday Camp, a square, ruddy-faced man in his forties.

Vine said: "I am making inquiries about a lady who won a beauty competition here one year, Mr. Williams. Nineteen fifty-one, to be exact. No doubt you have photographs of your winners?"

"Yes, we have," said Morgan-Williams. He spoke into his house telephone, and a minute later his secretary, a tall, dark-haired beauty, brought in a large album and laid it before her chief. The manager turned over the pages and presently there appeared the seductive portrait that Dale had seen, but which Vine had not.

The chief inspector turned to the sergeant. "That her?" he asked laconically.

Mary Wittam examined the photograph. "I suppose it must be," she said, "but I don't know that I should have recognized her. Four years ago, of course, and those clothes" ("or no clothes," murmured Vine). "That's the name, anyway."

There it was, under the photograph: June Hanset, Beauty of Gullivant's, 1951.

"A sweet girl, June," volunteered Morgan-Williams. "She was on our own staff. One of our nurses."

Sergeant Wittam saw her chief stiffen. She had been allowed to read Superintendent Dale's notes on the case, and remembered the doctor's opinion that whoever had kept the boy under drugs must have had some medical training.

"So Miss Hanset is a nurse, is she?" said Vine.

Morgan-Williams smiled. "Well, she was, Chief Inspector; she was one of the nurses in our clinic here, but I never expected her to remain one long. Too attractive altogether. She would soon marry."

"And did she?"

The manager laughed. "That I cannot say, but she did not return here next year. You understand, we are only open from May to September; our nurses take private posts during the winter months and they do not always return. June Hanset did not return. She may have gone . . . anywhere."

Vine nodded. He knew well enough where she had gone. Dale had ascertained that Miss Hanset's tenancy of Peacehaven had begun in the spring of 1952. So far there was no sign of the man in the case. But there was still a chance.

"This album," he said, "of course contains the formal photographs of winners and so on, but perhaps you have other photographs taken each season—groups, snapshots and so on. Can you help me in that way?"

The manager looked dubious, but after a little more palavering, the secretary produced a portfolio of unmounted prints. A quick hunt through disclosed little of promise until, among the last of the snapshots, there appeared one of a bathing party, three men and three girls, of whom one man and the girl were facing the camera, the man's right hand resting on the girl's shoulder; June Hanset, unmistakably.

And the man? It was not a particularly good photograph, but as he looked at it Vine felt sudden excitement. Surely. . . .

He turned to Sergeant Wittam. "Do you recognize him?" he asked quietly.

Mary Wittam picked up the photograph and studied it carefully. "Four years can make a difference, sir," she said. "And the man's looking down at her, so his face isn't clear. I see what you mean, though; the figure's about right, but there's no moustache. A pity it's not his left hand on her shoulder."

Vine opened his mouth to speak, but changed his mind. "Do you know who that is?" he asked the manager.

Morgan-Williams shook his head. "Not a regular visitor here, anyhow, Chief Inspector."

"I should like to take that photograph with me, if I may," Vine said briskly. "Now, would your secretary add to her kindness by going round with my sergeant and asking all the staff whether they know the man?"

The net result of Sergeant Wittam's inquiry was that the head steward thought the man was a Mr. Stafford or Stanford, who had been at the camp for a season four or five years previously. Examination of the registers showed that a Mr. Norman Stanniforth, registering a London club address, had been a visitor in 1951. Vine made a note, but, if his suspicion were well founded, both name and address would be spurious.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when the two detectives drove away from Llan-y-faedda. Mary asked: "Do you really think it's him, sir?"

"Who?"

"Why, Superintendent Jonnison. Wasn't that who you meant, sir?"

Vine chuckled. "That's not the way to get an identification," he said. "So you think the man in the snapshot was Superintendent Jonnison, eh?"

Mary Wittam was now looking thoroughly uncomfortable. "It's his shape, sir—square-shouldered, rather stocky. Dark hair, too."

Vine nodded and drove for a time in silence. Then he said: "Will you for the time being not mention that photograph, Sergeant Wittam? I want if I can to approach this from another angle."

They reached Farborough soon after midnight and, when he had put away the car in his hotel garage, Vine walked up to his bedroom—to find his assistant, Sergeant Halloway, patiently waiting for him.

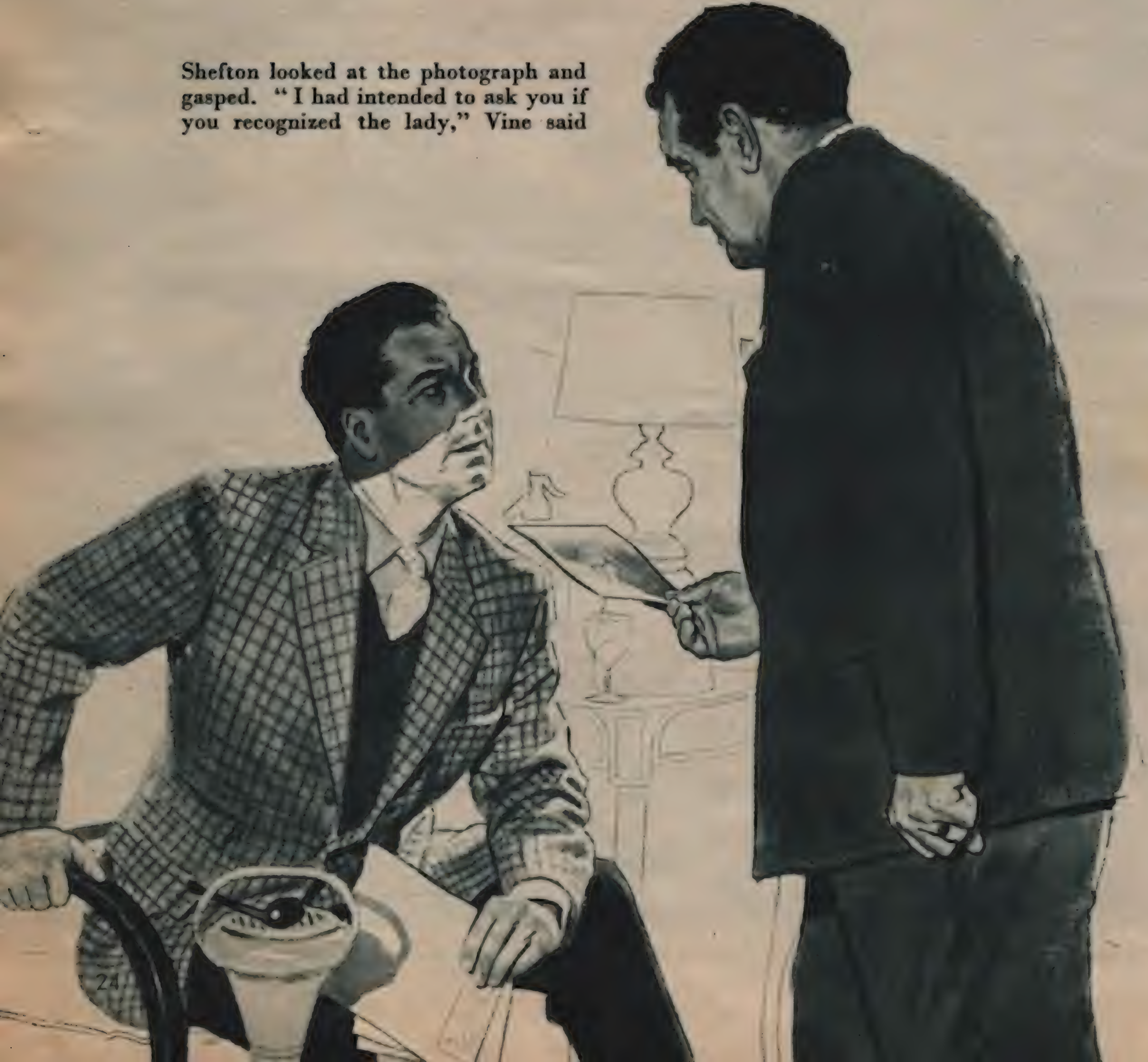
"He gave me the slip tonight, sir," Halloway said.

"Jonnison?"

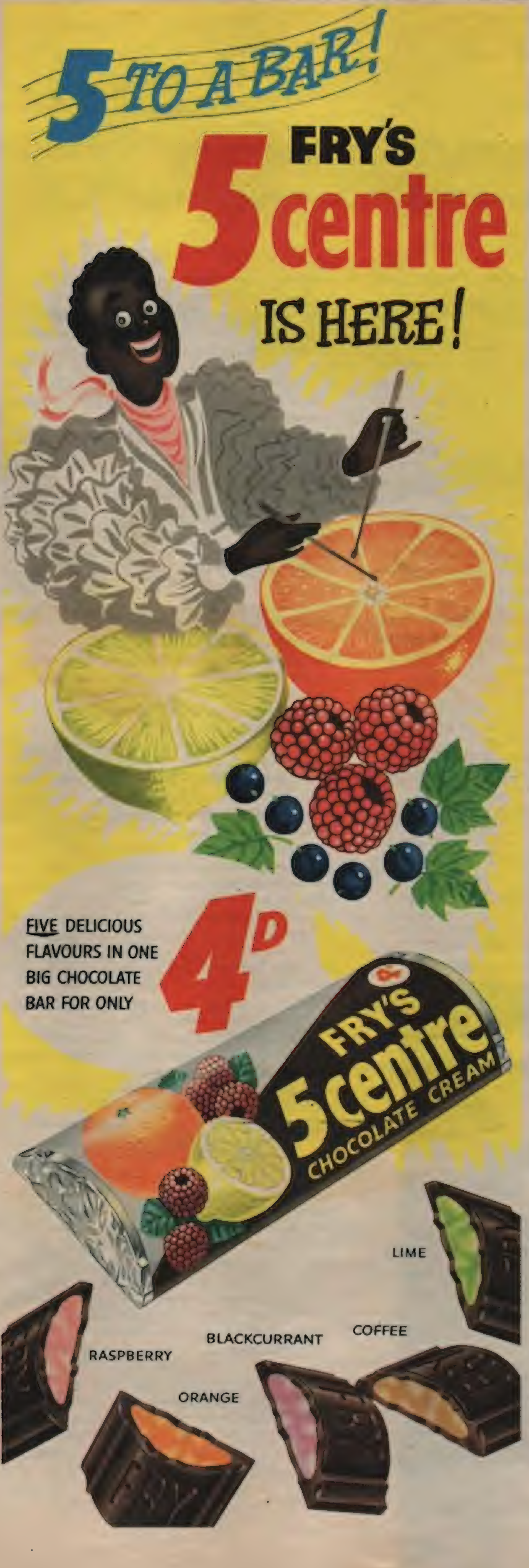
Halloway nodded. "Went for his evening stroll after supper — about eight fifteen he started. Rather roundabout, but fetched up in that lane behind the Duquesne Road bungalows.

"He went right down the lane to the end and then turned and came back towards me. I just had time to dive full length into the ditch; I don't think he saw me, but I daren't get up till he was well away, and when I did—well, he was out

Continued on page 30



Shefton looked at the photograph and gasped. "I had intended to ask you if you recognized the lady," Vine said



5 TO A BAR!
FRY'S
5 centre
IS HERE!
FIVE DELICIOUS FLAVOURS IN ONE BIG CHOCOLATE BAR FOR ONLY
4D
FRY'S 5 centre CHOCOLATE CREAM
LIME
RASPBERRY
BLACKCURRANT
COFFEE
ORANGE

Mum, you're wonderful!

Roast lamb! Served at its tender, tasty best with all Mum's special trimmings. Potatoes with the golden touch. Melt-in-the-mouth carrots. Peas, their garden freshness sweet with melting butter. Home made mint sauce. And finally, Mum's crowning touch! A generous helping of rich, brown Bisto Gravy. So savoury. So good. So *exactly* right. "Mum, you're wonderful!" say the family again. "Wonderful Bisto," thinks Mum!

the crowning touch

Magic eye that never sleeps

Leonard Battyll's tiny units have better sight than humans. They spot hidden danger and trap the lurking thief

by NORMAN PHILLIPS

On the roof of a Peterborough building one recent afternoon, Leonard Battyll faced north to measure the daylight. As soon as he had taken an outdoor reading he raced downstairs into a drawing office and checked the natural light inside.

By the end of the afternoon Battyll knew how dark it should be outside to require artificial light in the drawing office. He then set a small gadget to turn on the draughtsmen's lights automatically.

The device was a photo-electric cell, a versatile instrument that judges accurately when artificial light is needed. The human eye is too accommodating and will strain itself before demanding more illumination.

Photo-electric cells can also count at speeds up to thirty million a second, measure faultlessly to one ten-thousandth of an inch, sort fruit or vegetables, and control complicated manufacturing processes.

Many forms of mechanization and automation depend on these cells, which can have sensitive surfaces as small as six-thousandths of an inch square.

A technical sales engineer with the General Electric Company, Battyll has the job of working out new applications for photo-electric cells. Many, like the lighting installation which saves electricity by switching off as well as on, quickly repay their initial cost.

Another system is used in canning pork and beans to prevent any black beans from entering the product. The canners shoot beans through a beam of light at the rate of five a second. When the photo-electric cell sees a black one, it activates an electrically charged plate that disposes of the unwanted bean.

Ballbearing manufacturers use photo-electric cells to count their output at speeds of about fifty a second. The rate is limited by the time taken in presenting the objects to be counted. Battyll has used the cells to count as many as 7,500 spots a second on a revolving drum, and speeds of 100,000 a second have been achieved.

Because they come in all sizes and shapes and frequently bunch together, human beings are a problem that these devices find difficult to handle. For this reason Battyll had to turn down a request from a museum for an accurate count of its visitors. The museum wanted to know precisely how many people entered and left its premises to ascertain whether anyone remained inside after closing time.

However, bunches of people are easily detected by photo-electric cells, and the London Transport Executive uses them at twelve Underground stations to save wear on its escalators. The chains governing the moving stairs last longer if run at half speed.

Between the arrival of trains there are brief periods when no one is using the escalators. Photo-electric cells set the stairs running at full speed as soon as passengers arrive, and slow them down to half speed after the last one of a group has been transported.

Photo-electric cells are used on automatic lifts in office blocks to close the doors after the last passenger has entered, to ensure that the car stops at the correct level, and to estimate the number of passengers. On the latest models a counting device speeds up the rate at which the lift travels as soon as the traffic increases.

Battyll shows how a photo-electric cell fires a camera flash-gun. Cells have been used to work lifts, sort fruit, and count up to thirty million a second

At Thoresby Colliery in Nottinghamshire, waste is carried to heaps by an aerial rope way. As each loaded bucket arrives it intercepts a light beam, and this starts an alarm bell ringing to warn people to stand clear. A second light beam switches off the bell when the danger is past.

On H.M.S. Vanguard a unit warns the engine-room when too much smoke is being emitted. In boiler houses on shore similar installations are linked to the dampers to correct the rate of smoke emission.

When light falls on a photo-electric cell a current as small as one-millionth of an amp. is created. The secret is in a semi-conductor, usually caesium, that emits electrons when light falls on it. This electric current can be amplified by an ordinary wireless valve until it is strong enough to operate a switch.

Working continuously, the photo-electric cell has a life of about five hundred hours; but if it is used only intermittently the cell recovers its strength and has an indefinite life. Used for eight to twelve hours a day it will last for two or three years.

Although the theory on which photo-electric cells are based was first discovered in 1887, they have been developed commercially only in the last thirty years. Probably the biggest employer is the cinema industry, where photo-electric cells are used to synchronize sound and picture.

Photo-electric cells have gained new importance in automation by speeding up processes and by replacing human labour. In one bottling plant, instead of having a man to do nothing but fill a hopper with bottle caps, a photo-electric cell keeps watch on the hopper, and rings a bell when more caps are needed. Another unit examines the caps and throws out any without cork linings.

In an ice-cream factory photo-electric control equipment governs machinery packing 250,000 wafers every eight hours. The control automatically ensures that the advertising on each wrapper is correctly positioned.

On heavy power presses, clumsy metal guards are being replaced by beams of light. The rays are focused to form a light curtain that allows the material to be passed into the press, but stops the machine if the operator's hand gets in the way.

Another type of light fence is used in conjunction with burglar alarms. To guard large installations, beams can be projected as far as 1,000 yards. Infra-red rays which cannot be seen make these devices more effective.

To make driving safer, Battyll is working in his spare time to find a foolproof system of making car lights dip automatically at the approach of an oncoming vehicle.

The problem is to find a simple and cheap unit. Photo-electric cells can be shielded against extraneous light from street lamps or shop windows, but existing types have one failing. They don't work when the oncoming car has well focused headlamps. The result is that the driver with good lights is penalized. Battyll expects a new cell to appear soon that will be polite enough to dip lights in the face of both glaring and non-glaring headlamps.

THE END

A JOHN BULL BOOK EXTRACT
COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE

At 25,500 feet Tichy's breath froze in icicles round his chin. At 26,000 feet he went into the "death zone"—without oxygen

The race to conquer Cho Oyu

by HERBERT TICHY

This Himalayan peak had never been climbed. For a week we fought it, and had to turn back. Then we prepared for a final effort—and found another team hot on our heels

I SHALL never forget a single detail of the evening when I first thought seriously of climbing a 26,000-foot peak. We had been following a narrow gorge for many hours along a path which crossed and recrossed a small but turbulent stream. After covering more than six hundred miles of west Nepal we had forgotten the thrill of unexplored valleys and virgin 20,000-foot peaks. Now there was just the routine of travel.

But soon the path climbed round the shoulder of a mountain into the evening sunshine. We followed it to a small farm where we were to halt for the night. There were terraced fields below the farmstead, and as harvest was long since over—it was the end of December—we could pitch our tents there. The sun was warm and mellow. The Sherpas had broken off a few sugar canes as we came through the fields, and we cut them into pieces and chewed them.

Pasang sat down beside me and asked: "Another high peak, eh?"

We had often discussed high peaks. There were only five of us—four Sherpas and myself—but we had climbed several virgin summits of more than 20,000 feet and were confident that we could climb still higher.

"Yes," I said. "Gladly. It is only a question of money and the Nepalese permit."

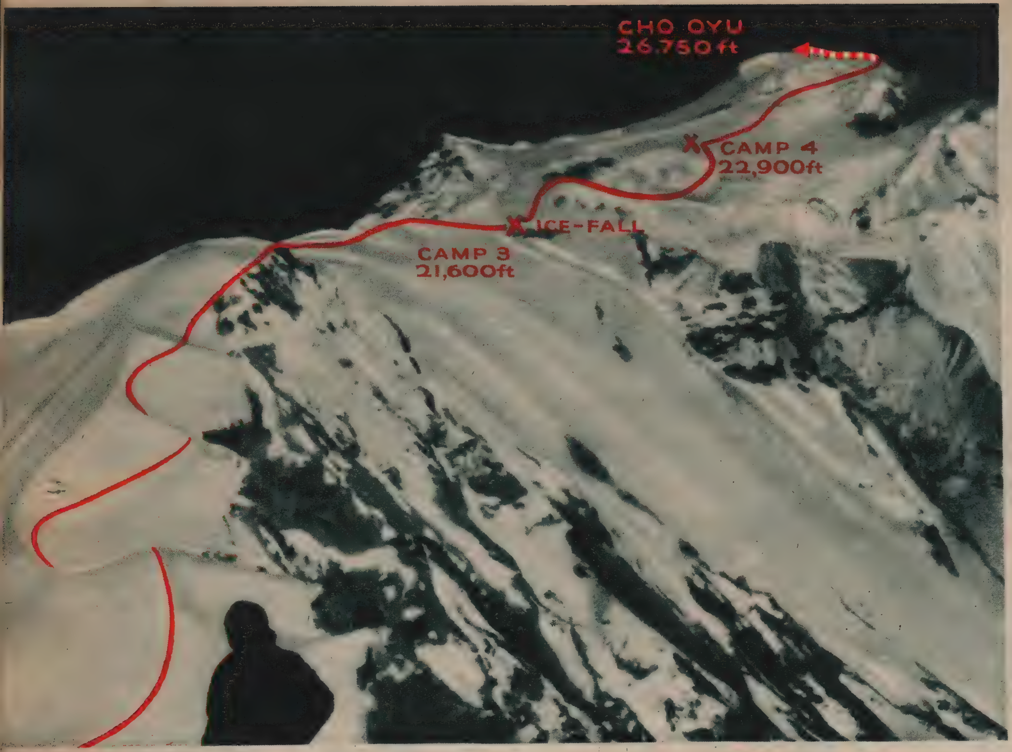
Neither of these conditions impressed Pasang. Every expedition, whether from Europe or America, was fabulously rich in the eyes of the Sherpas.

The government in Katmandu would certainly keep a 26,000-footer for me, Pasang assured me. "There's Cho Oyu," he said. "It is a very high mountain, but I'm sure we could do it."

The decision to attempt Cho Oyu was made. That's how we decided to attack the seventh highest mountain in the world.

Cho Oyu is situated about twenty miles north-west of Everest in the main ridge of the Himalaya on the borders of Nepal and Tibet. Its official height is 8,153 metres or 26,750 feet. The name Cho Oyu means either "The Turquoise Goddess"—in the evening light Cho Oyu takes on its blue-green tint—or "Mighty Head."

Nobody had yet climbed Cho Oyu. In 1952 Eric Shipton led an expedition there which included Edmund Hillary and George Lowe, but the party abandoned its attempt after finding a sheer ice cliff at 22,000 feet. No doubt the British climbers could have reached



The route to the summit of Cho Oyu. On a first attempt Tichy and three Sherpas reached 23,000 feet. A hurricane forced them down

Fashion designer Claude Kogan has climbed higher than any other woman. She was in the Swiss team that followed Tichy on Cho Oyu

the summit if Cho Oyu had been their objective. But they were after bigger game—the conquest of Everest—and they were merely testing their equipment for their successful climb the following year.

Immediately after my return to Austria from Nepal in January, 1954, I asked permission from Katmandu to make the ascent of Cho Oyu in the autumn. The government of Nepal is extremely cordial and sympathetic in its attitude to foreign expeditions, but there are not many mountains of this size, and many climbers wishing to attempt them. Cho Oyu was reserved for me in the autumn of 1954.

To raise funds the expedition was named "The Austrian Cho Oyu Expedition, 1954." I decided that it would have to be a small expedition, and was convinced that the ascent could be achieved with modest equipment and little expense.

In my opinion three Austrians and seven Sherpas formed a strong enough contingent; Sepp Jöchler, of Landeck, was the climber of our expedition. He is one of the greatest Alpine climbers of our time.

Dr. Helmut Heuberger, geographer at the University of Innsbruck, was our scientist. Sepp and I were quite happy to say, "It's a bit cold today," but Helmut would hold up a complicated thermometer, which registered sunray, moisture and many other facts, and was able to announce: "Minus eight degrees centigrade."

I was supposed to be the expedition's leader, but we were not disciplined on military lines, and when a decision had to be made we discussed the matter. Usually Pasang's greater experience turned the scale.

Pasang had got the Sherpas together, and they were nearly all members of his far-flung family and included two of his sons.

One great handicap was the lack of a doctor in our team. None of us knew what to do in the case of serious illness. But Austrian hospitals had given us more medicines than we needed, and instructed us in their use. We had a surgical knife for amputation, and I can still hear the surgeon who gave it to me saying: "Press hard and then make as clean a cut as possible."

After a journey to Nepal, then through Namche Bazar and over the Nangpa La in early October, we reached the Cho Oyu massif. We discovered a level site at 18,000 feet, safe from avalanches, and set up our tents.

We made a brief reconnaissance. After discovering a small valley running south which would bring us straight to the lowest point of the west face, we returned in triumph. Next day we should reach the foot of the mountain.

Helmut, who was a little feverish, stayed behind in base-camp for a time to organize the build-up of supplies, while Sepp and I and all available Sherpas established Camp 1 at a thousand feet higher with all the baggage we could carry.

Next morning there was a light covering of fresh snow which quickly melted in the sun. We picked up our baggage and climbed a cruelly steep stretch of scree, on which we slipped back at every step.

CAMP 2 was set up at a height of 20,300 feet. As we had only two tents and not enough provisions and equipment for establishing Camp 3 without risking loss of contact with the camp below, we explored the snow ridge above us with the intention of retreating again to Camp 2.

I made a sortie up the ridge with Sepp and Pasang. In places we sank to the knees in powdery snow, and the effects of altitude were already noticeable. Nevertheless, we reached a spot where at a height of about 21,600 feet we meant later to establish Camp 3. We turned back feeling very pleased.

Sepp, who had not, like Pasang and me, spent part of the previous year in the Himalayas, suffered badly from the height. We decided that he should go down next day to Camp 1 and join Helmut, while I would stay up there and establish Camp 3.

The following days were not very fine. The sky was cloudless, but a bitterly cold and penetrating wind swept the ridge. Tempting as it was to stay inside, we had to pack our tents and press on.

For several hours we climbed upwards. Then, when we reached our agreed site for Camp 3, I thought it was time to put up our tent, make tea and prepare for an evening's rest. But Pasang wouldn't hear of it. There was to be no resting, or eating, or drinking. We took some ropes and ice-pitons, and resumed the climb. Meanwhile the other Sherpas erected the tents, and Ang Nyima, Pasang's brother, dug out a hole in the snow for a kitchen.

Ahead of us was the challenge of the ice-fall, and soon it rose steeply above us.

Now Pasang produced his rope and we roped up. I felt nothing but sheer exhilaration.

About 190 feet of nearly vertical ice faced us. Pasang took the lead, and every movement he made showed sound judgment and experience. He first tried a deep chimney in hopes of finding his way on. But there was none. He traversed the ice-fall to the left and then struggled upwards again. Slowly and cautiously he climbed and then vanished over the cornice. Then he called out: "Follow on."

The step levelled out; we were standing on a ledge. Adjiba, a Sherpa who had accompanied me the previous year, had joined us. The way on lay open before us.

Now we were so tired that we fell down and lay in the snow, incapable of speech. It was only by degrees that joy got the better of exhaustion. In an hour we had overcome the great obstacle that had balked the British expedition of 1952.

We returned slowly to the top of the ice-fall. Adjiba took from his rucksack two hundred-foot lengths of rope which we had brought with us. We then drove two long wooden pegs into the snow and fixed the ropes to them. All was ready for our climb next day.

We established Camp 4, two tents, at four o'clock next day, just short of 23,000 feet. There were four of us, Pasang and I in one tent, Adjiba and Ang Nyima, who were to cover our return, in the other.

I was almost sure that Pasang and I would reach the summit next day; it would be the third-highest to be trodden by man. Adjiba was getting our meal ready while the valleys below vanished in the haze of evening.

"An easy mountain. Peak tomorrow."

"Yes," I said. "Peak tomorrow."

It was not a comfortable evening. Our tents were on the exposed side of the shoulder, which was swept by an icy tempest. Snow and fragments of ice were hurled against them and they stood broadside to the wind.

Waking next morning was a nightmare, and I clung to the hope that it was actually a bad dream. The sound of Pasang groaning convinced me that it was real. The side of the tent was being pressed down on my face, preventing me from breathing, and an uproar of rattling, whistling and screaming filled the air.

The wind had become a hurricane and had torn our tents from their moorings; the tent pegs had snapped. Stare as I might, no chink of light was to be seen. It was still like night.

By the time daylight glimmered through the canvas the wind had increased in violence. I had to come to some decision. I nudged Pasang.

We crept out from the tent. I was surprised to see the sun in the east, and about two hours up.

A hurricane of a force I had never experienced scourged the snow-covered mountainside, and Helmut, who took observations from lower down with his instruments, estimated its speed at about eighty miles an hour.

The temperature was thirty to thirty-five degrees below zero.

I crouched down beside Pasang in the snow. We could not stand up. The wind would have thrown us down or lifted us from the ground.

The other tent was also wrecked. The huddled bodies of Ang Nyima and Adjiba were moulded by the flattened canvas. We gave them a prod. They were still alive and crept out to join us.

The four of us cowered together beside the flattened tents and stared into the vortex. We could speak only in shouts.

"Never known a storm like this," Pasang shouted. "All die." He repeated it again and again.

I agreed with him. We should all die.

Adjiba and Ang Nyima said nothing. They sat huddled and dumb, their faces a bluish grey, marked by death.

Suddenly the wind lifted the other tent and threatened to blow it right away. I threw myself on it and held it down, my body on the tent, my hands in the snow.

I had had my mittens stripped off in creeping out of our own tent, but that did not matter very much as I had put my hands in my warm trouser pockets inside a wind-proof smock.

Now they were in contact with the snow, and I felt a sudden burning sensation. The pain got worse and throbbed through my whole body.

I CHAFED my hands, and beat them. It did not stop the pain. I thought of creeping into my tent, but it lay like a sail, flat on the snow. I got into a panic, as if I had been on fire—actually the injuries caused by frost and fire are similar—and started shouting.

The Sherpas, who had been busy so far salvaging the tent, rushed up, and as soon as they realized my disaster, Pasang undid his trousers and my hands felt a little warmth between his thighs. It was the only place in our half-frozen bodies where any warmth lingered. Meanwhile, Adjiba found my mittens. When he brought them, I seized them. My hands were white and swollen. I felt they were done for.

"If we mean to live," I yelled, "we must go down, not sit here."

The Sherpas took the brunt of the journey down. Their resource and energy returned as soon as the decision was made. We anchored the tents and left them where they were. It was not a retreat, but a rout.

My hands were useless. Pasang had to strap on my crampons for me, then we roped up and began the descent. I recall very little of the strenuous hours which took us to Camp 3. I can remember only the violence of the storm, which drove us on over the snow, and the sight of the Sherpas throwing themselves down and creeping like cats when a sudden gust caught us.

At Camp 3 we found Sepp. He looked ghastly. His face was aged and furrowed, and ice and snow clung to his beard. I showed him my hands. They were like tuberous growths by now. "They're finished and the summit's finished," I said.

The flight was resumed. Camp 3 vacated. Down to Camp 2. Helmut was there. He had come up through the storm with the presentiment that we might need his help. He was able to give me an injection to stimulate my circulation.

Two tents were set up and four of us stayed there for the night, Sepp and I in one, Gyalsen and Da Nurbu, two of the Sherpas, in the other. All the rest went down.

I was lying down when Pasang came to say goodbye. He bent over and kissed my cheek. I felt like a corpse to whom he was bidding farewell.

By noon next day we were all assembled in Camp 1. We felt dispirited and beaten. My hands needed medical attention and the nearest doctor was in Katmandu, three weeks' march away. Probably the moist and tropical climate of the valleys would do my injuries more damage than the cold, bacteria-free air of the high regions. We decided it was better for me to stay where I was.

My hands meanwhile had swollen to twice their size and were covered with huge blisters. We had all the latest cures for frostbite, and knew also how they should be administered, but we did not know whether these blisters, which looked as if they had been caused by burns, should be left to dry up or be lanced.

At the medical consultation we held, Sepp very sensibly said he was no doctor, and refused to cast his vote, Helmut was for leaving them to dry up, but Pasang said with utter conviction: "All cut, all cut." As Pasang had certainly seen and dealt with more cases of frostbite than any of the rest of us, we followed his advice.

The doctors in Vienna told me later that it was the very last thing we should have done.

We recovered our spirits after a few hours' rest. The mountain had given us a check, but Sepp, Helmut and Pasang were undamaged. They could make a second attempt as soon as we had got back our strength.

Pasang was the first to get over the effects of the storm, and we decided that he should recruit a few Sherpas and return to Namche Bazar to fetch our reserves of petrol, flour, tsampa and meat. We could expect them back in about ten days. Our supplies would last till then. Also, there were a few tins buried in the snow at the high camps, and we could go after these if we ran short.

On the third day, Adjiba suddenly announced that he could see some people low down on the moraine, and with our field-glasses we made out two figures apparently heading for our camp. When they came nearer we saw that they were dressed as climbers. The glint had come from their ice-axes.

"A *mem-sahib*," Adjiba said.

They were climbers and they negotiated the unpleasant moraine with a speed that aroused our admiration. We now recognized them as Madame Claude Kogan and Bertholet, of the Swiss Gaurisankar Expedition. They had found Gaurisankar too hard a nut to crack, and Bertholet suggested that we might tackle Cho Oyu together.

We showed no enthusiasm for this proposal and said we preferred to carry on with our plans on our own.

Madame Kogan said that the whole Swiss expedition—coolies, yaks and the rest of the equipment—were arriving next day. We parted on very uncomfortable terms.

Next day the Swiss repeated their offer of collaboration. They said they had a travel permit for the whole area, and could therefore tackle any mountain. They would let us be the first on the summit of Cho Oyu. An agreement was finally made. The Swiss might start at once to establish their Camps 1 to 3—that is, up to about 23,000 feet—and then wait until our attempt had been made. . . .

We stayed all next day in Camp 1, unable to come to a final decision. Were we to wait or start on the climb? Then one of our Sherpas, who had been snooping round the Swiss camp, reported that the Swiss had started the ascent.

Unless we meant to let the peak go, we could not wait any longer. Next day must see us at Camp 3.

Ang Nyima and Da Gyalsen stayed behind in Camp 1. The other four Sherpas, including the most experienced of all, Adjiba and Gyalsen, climbed with us.

My plan was to go as far as Camp 3, where, in spite of my hands, I might be able to help in organizing the "lift." The route was familiar now, for we had trodden a regular path up the screes, and it gave us a sense of security and proprietorship.

We were afraid of the violent wind and did not want to expose our tents to it if we could help it, so at Camp 3 we dug out a cave in the snow. With a rucksack and some lumps of snow we barricaded the entrance against the uncomfortable draught. I, as the invalid, was given the best place, between Sepp and Helmut, protected from the cold on both sides.

It became quite pleasantly warm. I pulled a second wrap over my woollen cap and settled down to sleep.

Next day was not very fine, but it was not hopeless. The plan was for Sepp, Adjiba and Gyalsen to attempt Camp 4. If they succeeded and the weather held, Sepp and Adjiba would try for the summit on the day after. We dared not let a single favourable day go by.

The three crept out of the dugout. The wind had increased. They headed for the ice-fall and were lost to sight. We crawled back into our shelter.

After a few hours we heard sounds in the snow outside. The three had returned, looking done-in and very cold. Sepp told the news. The wind and the cold had become very severe. They had got up the ice-fall, but on the level ice behind it the wind was so violent that it seemed hopeless to attempt to reach Camp 4. They had buried the tent and a few other articles in the snow and turned back.

I was glad to see them back, but every day's delay reduced our rations and made the peak more remote—unless Pasang arrived in time.

Next day was so bad that we were scarcely able to emerge. Helmut was giving me daily injections to stimulate my circulation. I knew that it depended on this whether I kept my fingers or not.

Another long day in the shelter followed. There was nothing to do but wait. Sometimes we heard the squeak of snow under the tread of human feet. Sepp told us that the Swiss had fixed a second rope up the step in the ice-fall next to the one Pasang, Adjiba and I had fixed. This made it easier to negotiate. So they were here.

We knew that an assault-team would have to try for the summit at the first possible moment, and that was what we had promised the Swiss. It might be tomorrow. We no longer dared to hope that Pasang could return in time.

In the morning the wind had gone down after a calmer night. We could not let this chance go by: we had to act. We had to reach Camp 4. As we were making preparations inside our shelter, Adjiba reported that three persons could be seen on the ridge below. Yes. It was Pasang.

He crept in, his face grey and lined with the strain he had been through.

"Have the Swiss reached the summit?" he asked.

"No," we replied.

"Thank God for that," he panted. "I would have cut my throat."

He had heard that the Swiss expedition was heading for Cho Oyu. So, after quickly packing up the supplies, he had covered the distance to our base camp in one day, accompanied by two Sherpas.

He had brought some eggs, and when Adjiba cooked them we found them delicious and invigorating. We now had enough food to attempt the peak. It was no longer an irresponsible gamble but a justifiable attempt.

My original plan was to stay behind in Camp 3 to avoid hindering the assault team. But I shared the optimism which Pasang's arrival and the supplementary food inspired. So I, too, got ready for the start.

It meant being a burden on the others as I had to ask them to lace up my boots and strap on my crampons, but they found time to help in spite of the need for haste.

One of my crampons came loose on the ice-fall and when I tried to put it right my hands began to throb with pain until I could have cried, not only for the pain but at being a drag instead of a help on this critical day. Gyalsen came and tightened the strap for me, and I was able to go on again.

We unroped above the ice-fall. The equipment buried by Sepp on his last sortie was shared out, then we followed the tracks we had made in the snow scarcely two weeks earlier. The Swiss had not yet climbed so far.

The storm resumed its merciless onslaught, and the sky was without a cloud. We reached Camp 4 and dug out the dumped tins. I saw the depressions in which our tents had stood and felt the desolateness of those hours.

We stopped at four o'clock on a level saddle of snow about 160 feet above our old camp. The Sherpas could scarcely level the small patches needed for our tents, which were lashed together and anchored with special care to withstand the gale.

Six of us spent the night there: Sepp, Pasang and Adjiba in one tent, Helmut, Gyalsen and I in the other. The rest of the Sherpas hurried back to the dug-out; it was high time.

My hands had begun to hurt while I waited for the tents to be put up, and I was the first to creep inside. We thought of nothing but getting the thin canvas between us and the gale.

Next day's programme had been carefully planned. At the first hint of dawn Sepp and Pasang were to set off, climb the peak and return, while we arranged to meet them with a tent and sleeping-bags in case they were needed.

The choice of the assault-team was obvious; Pasang had never been in better form, and he if anyone deserved to scale the peak. We gave him the flags of Nepal, Austria and India to plant on the top when he got there, as he was firmly resolved to do. Sepp too was in first-class condition. He was an expert climber with long experience of ice. I was a cripple, and obviously out of it.

For the present, we could only lie in our sleeping-bags and wait for the night. Time hung heavy, but I was not tired or somnolent. I was excited and my mind was lively. We lay there parted by only a few hours possibly from success; and I should have to wait and do nothing while the other two tried their luck.

The prospect filled me with a gloom such as I had never experienced. It was so painful that I forgot the pain in my hands.

We were three in a tent large enough for only two. Helmut and I lay with our feet one way and Gyalsen with his the other. I said to Helmut across Gyalsen's feet, "I've changed my mind. I'll go and tell the others."

I crept into the other tent, where I was far from welcome. Adjiba was busy with our evening meal and was short of room in any case.

"I'm going with you tomorrow," I told Sepp and Pasang.

"Fine," Sepp said. "That's what I wanted."

Pasang nodded and said, "*Adsha*—good." Probably he had never really believed we should not make the attempt together.

My gratitude to both was unbounded. They had not uttered a word of warning or dissent or even hinted that my change of plan might lessen their chances. . . .

It was still dark when I heard sounds in the other tent, where Adjiba was getting breakfast ready. It is a long business to heat up anything at this height, but it was only three o'clock. Much too early, I thought.

At last I heard him say, "Breakfast," as he handed in a bowl of cocoa and then one of porridge. I enjoyed the warmth and consumed both devoutly. Gyalsen was snoring on; Helmut had pulled his sleeping-bag over his face. He wouldn't have breakfast till later when we had gone.

It was growing lighter outside. I could hear Sepp and Pasang getting ready. The wind was not too bad and the sky cloudless. A good day for the peak.

Time I was up, but I lay on as if assailed by doubts. Then I waked

On the summit, Tichy and Pasang planted flags. Then they followed the Himalayan custom of burying sweets and chocolate in the ice

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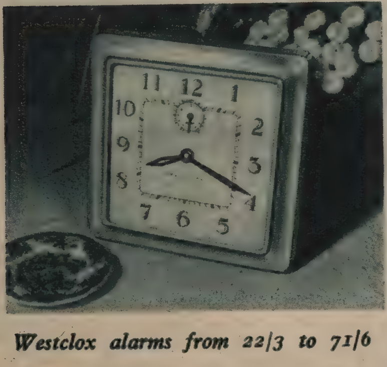
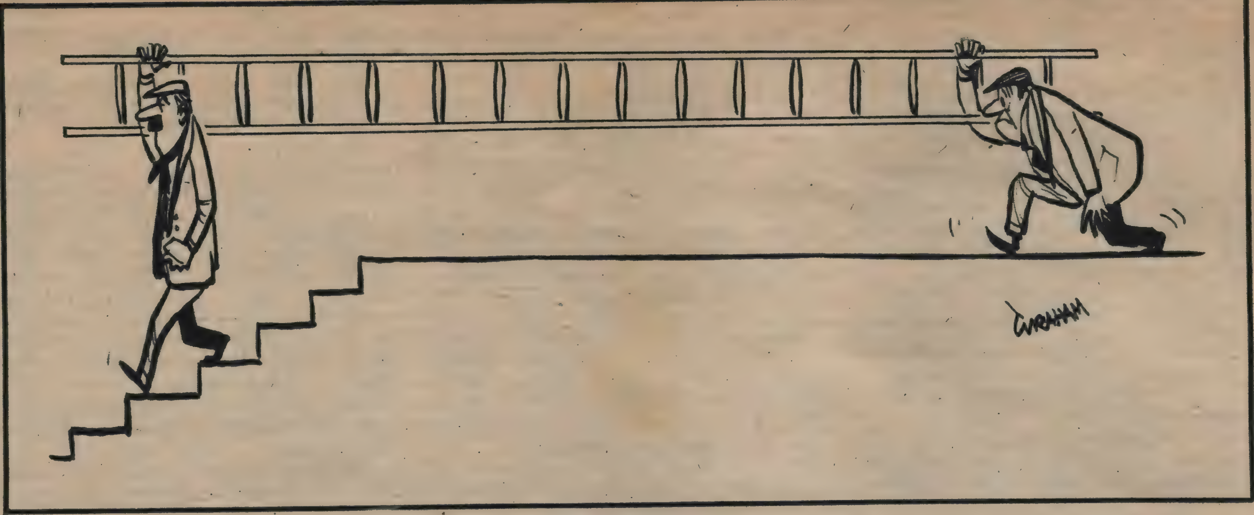




Gyalsen. He pulled on my frozen boots for me with great difficulty.

I emerged just as the sun was rising blood-red over the mountains of Tibet. It was icy-cold. Sepp and Pasang took up their rucksacks without a word. None of us spoke.

Pasang strapped my crampons on for me. Sepp looked grave and resolute. We endeavoured to exchange smiles.

My hands were still supple from the warmth of my sleeping-bag, and I could take hold of my ice-axe, which was soon clamped in an iron grip when my fingers stiffened. Two ski-sticks dangling from my rucksack were no use at present as the ascent was too steep and the snow too hard, but higher up we might come on soft snow and then they might be a welcome help.

We said goodbye, laconically, to the others. We were eager to be off and also to end the standing about on that cold and shadowed mountainside.

The ascent at first was up steep snow. We were not roped. Pasang was in front of me, Sepp behind. Sometimes we were close together, at others almost out of sight of one another. We gained height pretty fast.

It was bitterly cold and the wind was getting stronger. Sepp could feel nothing in his feet. He had once had them frozen on the north face of the Eiger and they had been susceptible ever since. He hit them with his axe to make the blood circulate.

It was a case when each man must decide for himself. Pasang knew his own resources; I should know if I had to turn back; Sepp, too, must know best what to ask of himself.

I said to him: "In your place I should turn back, but do as you think right."

Sepp took a few circulation pills, loosened the straps of his crampons, and carried on.

In time we reached the wide girdle of granite and ice which is the distinctive feature of this mountain; it is a steep climb of only a few minutes, but I tried in vain to get a hold with my hands or to pull myself up by my ice-axe. My hands were useless lumps and every time they touched the rock they hurt intolerably.

I was making these useless efforts when I heard Pasang's voice above me.

"Rope, *sahib*."

Sepp, who was just behind me, knotted the rope round me, and in a few seconds I was up. Pasang stowed the rope away in his rucksack without a word.

Up and up we went, and still there were steep and apparently never-ending slopes of snow above us. Sepp took a snap of me at about 25,500 feet. When we made an enlargement there was a white projection from my lips, like a cigarette or a fault in the film.

"What can it have been?" I asked Sepp.

"You had an icicle on your face," he said.

I hadn't noticed it. The breath from my nostrils must have formed an icicle which broke off from time to time. My nose had been frozen without my knowing, and for the first day of the descent my nostrils were closed.

CHARACTER—1

By nothing do men show their character more than by the things they laugh at.

Goethe

We had our one short rest on the shoulder where we had once thought of establishing a Camp 5. Pasang produced a flask of hot coffee which tasted delicious and put new heart into us. We also ate some *chura*, or roasted rice, a common food in the Himalaya.

Higher and higher. We moved like robots which could only go on and on. We were now in what is called the "death zone," the region higher than 26,000 feet. Without artificial oxygen the body can stave off degeneration, that is to say death, for some time at these heights, but cannot renew itself.

We had now been on the move for eight hours almost without a pause, and we were getting slower. At last the ascent slackened and the view widened.

Suddenly there was no further ascent. The view was unobstructed. We were on the peak.

Pasang was coming towards us. His ice-axe was in the snow with the flags of Nepal, Austria and India waving from it. It was three o'clock on October 19, 1954.

Pasang embraced me. The tears that ran down his cheeks were blown away as crystals of ice. The peak meant more to him than it could to us. For twenty years he had been determined to climb a very high mountain.

He nearly had his wish on K2 and on Dhaulagiri, but it just eluded him. Today the great ambition of his life was fulfilled. He was too happy to speak; he could only sob again and again: "The peak, *sahib*, the peak."

Sepp and I had tears in our eyes, too, and felt no shame. We hugged and kissed each other. All three walked arm in arm to the highest point.

The endless blue sky fell steeply all round us like a bell. To have reached the peak was glorious, but the nearness of the sky was overwhelming. It was the sky that dominated our half-hour on the summit.

Sepp had a small wooden crucifix which his mother had asked him to take, and he now placed it in the eternal snow. Pasang and I buried sweets and chocolate in the ice as a thank-offering to the gods. This is customary in the Himalaya, even after surmounting a difficult pass.

I tried to excavate a little hole in the hard snow with my ice-axe, but my hands were so clumsy that I had to kneel down to it. I remained in this position for a few seconds, the only right one, as it dawned on me, and I knew that we had all thanked the one God in our different ways. THE END

"The race to conquer Cho Oyu" is an extract from Dr. Herbert Tichy's book "Cho Oyu," which will be published by Methuen in March at 25s.

The stolen boy

Continued from page 24

of sight, and I never picked him up again. I waited till nearly ten and then went back to his house, and there he was, just pulling down the blind of his bedroom."

"Tell me more tomorrow," said Vine. "I'm a bit fagged."

Next morning Vine went early to police headquarters. He had been up for hours, working on the details of a plan which, he hoped, would clinch the Litmore case. But first he wanted to learn from Dale the results of the investigation his men had made at the hut in the wood where Mary Wittam had seen the Hanset girl with a motor-cycle.

"No sign of a car up there," said Dale. "Only tracks of the bike."

"And no ransom money?"

"No ransom money, no dabs. Just some oil where the bike stood and the tyre marks—ten million of those tyres in this country alone." He paused. "Now tell me about your jaunt to the Welsh lido with our Mary."

"A very nice young lady, I thought her," said Vine solemnly.

Dale grinned. "Are you referring to Mary Wittam or to the Beauty of Gullivant's, Nineteen Fifty-One?"

"You forget I haven't seen her, sir—the Beauty. Though I hope to—I quite hope to. I formed a high opinion of Sergeant Wittam's intelligence. And of her ability to keep her mouth shut when so advised."

Dale sat back in his chair and laughed. "So she isn't to tell me what you found. Does *she* know who kidnapped that boy?"

"Not to say 'know.' She has, I believe, formed her own theory."

"Oh, come off it, Vine. I shan't stand for this long, you know, nor will the chief. What have you learned? And what happens now?"

For an hour Vine talked, gradually fathering his plan upon Dale and later even persuading the chief constable to approve it. It was lunchtime before the matter was settled, and soon afterwards Dale, with Detective-Sergeant Tatley, set out for the Dukeries. Miss Hanset opened her door.

"May we come in, please, madam?" asked Dale.

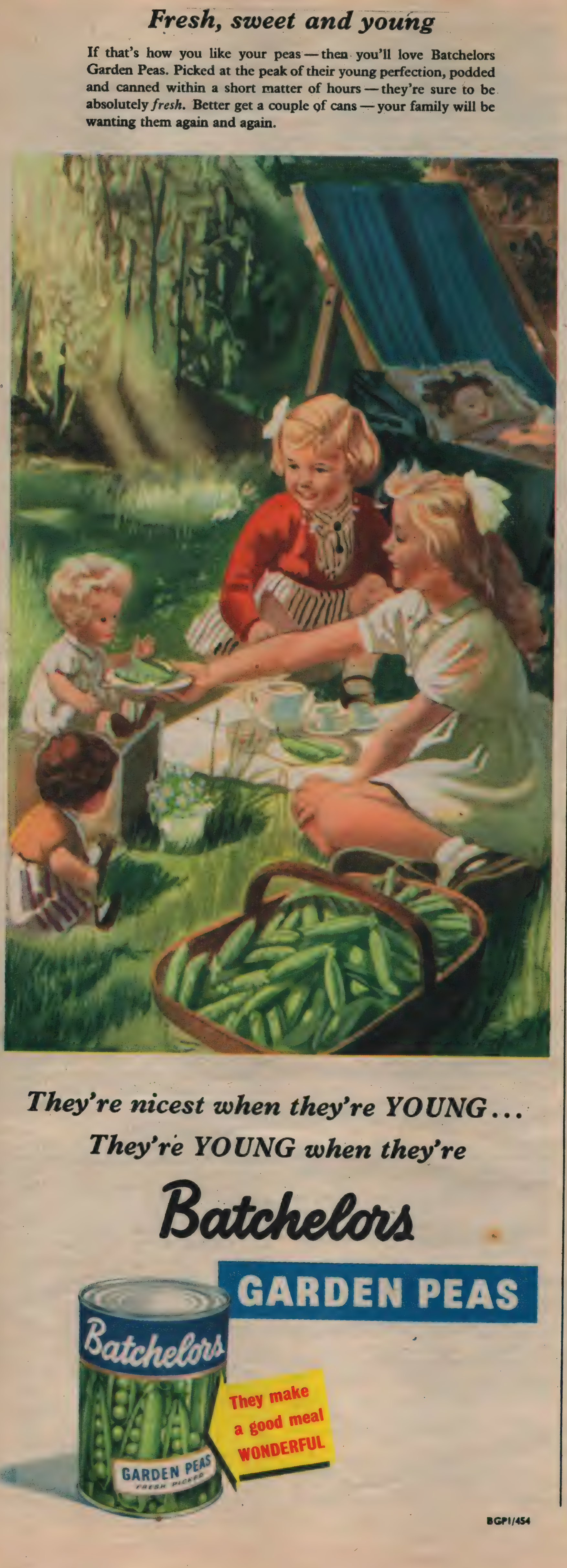
For a moment the girl hesitated, then stepped back into the hall.

As soon as they were inside with the outer door closed, Dale took a folded paper from his pocket and handed it to Miss Hanset. He said: "I am Detective-Superintendent Dale of the Farborough City Police, madam. I hold a search warrant and have come to execute it."

June Hanset answered quietly enough: "So that's who you are. What are you searching for?"

Dale ignored the question. In little more than three-quarters of an hour, he and Tatley turned the bungalow inside out and found nothing of significance, except two tins of glucose, one unopened, in the kitchen.

Back in the little hall, Dale put the



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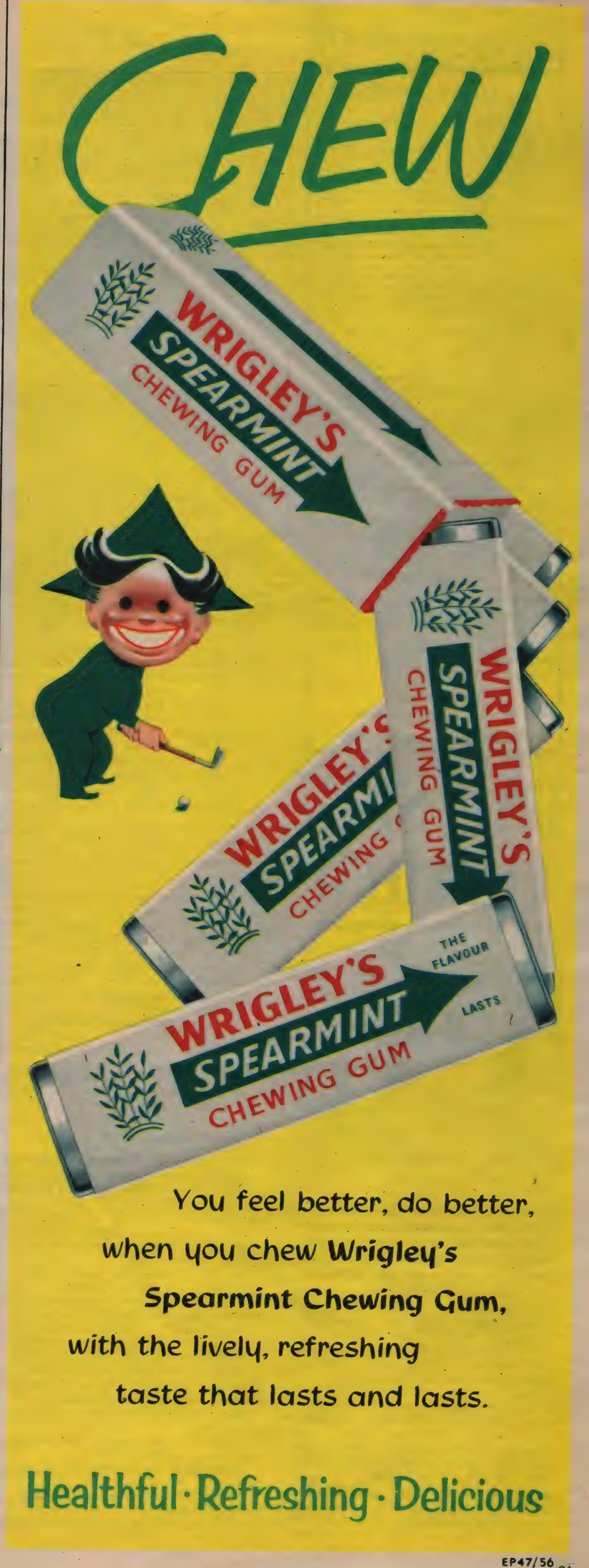

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MY BROTHER Larry

WHEN Larry was nine he bought a grand piano. Our father had taken him to hear Rachmaninoff, and Larry was so excited by his performance that he determined to have a piano of his own.

He marched into the largest music store in Baltimore, where we lived, and poked about at all the instruments with his grubby schoolboy fingers. The manager, about to throw him out, was amazed when Larry pointed to the best piano in the shop and explained that, after careful consideration, he had decided to buy that one. He left his name and address and went happily home.

I well remember the look of astonishment on Father's face when he learned, two days later, that the grand piano outside our front door had been ordered by Larry. Father was a plumber and knew that he could never afford to pay for it.

He telephoned the shop manager, angrily inquiring how such a valuable article could be sent out on the mere word of a nine-year-old boy. The manager explained that he had been so impressed by Larry's choice of that particular piano that he wanted to make it possible for him to have it. They agreed on a weekly payment of fifty cents. Larry still has the piano.

When he was twelve, one of his older friends got a job dancing in a night club and persuaded Larry to try for an audition as a singer. Although it was illegal to employ somebody of that age, the manager engaged him and every night for weeks my brother crept out of the house at eleven thirty. He was earning a salary of twenty-five dollars a week.

One night, however, he was stopped by two policemen who wanted to know what a small boy was doing out by himself at such a late hour. They escorted him home where, in front of my horrified parents, the truth was discovered. That was the end of Larry's brief career as a singer.

Larry was always irrepressible. When he was taking a piano examination to enter the Peabody Conservatory of Music, the examiner, a large lady with pince-nez, irritated him from the beginning by calling him "little man." By the time she asked him to play, her fussing had annoyed him so much that instead of his prepared piece, he angrily thumped out the popular tune of the day: "Yes, We Have No Bananas."

The examiner stopped him after twelve measures. Turning to our shamed parents, she barked, "Your son is untalented, undisciplined and totally lacking in musical sense."

WHO IS THIS FAMOUS BROTHER? See page 35

questions that were to lead up to the next move in the plan. He asked: "Have you recently possessed any Nembutal or Pentothal, Miss Hanset?"

"What on earth are they?"

A mistake, really, thought Dale. Any trained nurse would know what they were. This denial merely underlined concealment.

"Or any other narcotic drugs?"

"Certainly not."

"And the use of this glucose?"

"I just take it sometimes."

"Do you own a motor-cycle?"

A momentary hesitation; no more. She said: "I did. I don't now."

"Where is it now, please?"

"I don't know. I sold it."

"To whom did you sell it?"

The nagging little questions infuriated June Hanset—as they were meant to do. "What on earth has that got to do with you? I shan't answer any more of your silly questions."

"In that case I must ask you to come with me to Headquarters for further questioning."

A little later the party was reassembled in Superintendent Dale's room at Headquarters, reinforced by the sturdy figure of Chief Inspector Vine. June Hanset was shown a chair.

Vine now took up the inquisition. "Now Miss Hanset, you are a resident in Farborough. I take it that you have heard that Ben Litmore was kidnapped some three weeks ago?"

She nodded. "I read something about it."

"Did you have any part in that abduction yourself?"

"Certainly not. What a ridiculous idea!"

"You ride a motor-bicycle, I believe," said Vine.

"I have ridden one. I have told this . . . other officer, I sold my bicycle some time ago."

"You do not wish to correct that statement?"

"No. I told Superintendent Dale that I wasn't going to be cross-questioned about it."

"Very well, Miss Hanset," said Vine quietly, "I will leave that point for the moment. I believe you have also been asked whether you have recently had any narcotic drugs in your possession. I think you said you had not."

"I certainly have not."

"You have had some experience of the use of narcotics?"

Another flicker of hesitation; no more. She said: "I know nothing about them at all."

Again a pause, as the grey eyes studied the tense face of the girl. Then Vine said: "Do you know anything about nursing?"

A quick shrug, an abrupt smoothing of the skirt. "I suppose every woman knows something about that."

"Miss Hanset, were you ever trained as a nurse?"

It was a horrible question. Already she was half committed to a denial—committed by that "what on earth are they?" retort to Dale's questions about Nembutal and Pentothal.

She said: "I was trained as a nurse in the war. Lots of women were."

"If you were trained as a nurse, you would know something about the use of narcotic drugs?"

"In theory, yes, we did. I can't remember that I ever used them, or if I did, it was under the direction of a ward sister."

"Quite. Still, we may take it that, with the help of one of the textbooks, it would not be too difficult for a trained nurse to administer a narcotic with safety." This appeared to be a statement rather than a question.

June Hanset did not answer it, Vine suddenly leaned forward on his hard chair.

"Isn't that so, Nurse?"

After the quiet, almost friendly tone of the previous questions, the harsh voice shook the girl. But not for long.

"Don't shout at me, please," she said. "I don't believe you have any right to question me like this."

Vine was once again the gentle, fatherly man. "I am now going to ask you some questions about dates," he went on. "First of all, Sunday the tenth of April. You were not riding a motor-cycle on Highland Common in the early hours of that Sunday morning?"

"No, certainly I wasn't."

"You did not pick a haversack or rucksack out of a clump of bushes where it had been thrown from a car?"

"No."

The trend of the questions was too obvious now for June Hanset to miss it. There were lines at the corners of her mouth and nose, and these were deepening now.

At last the detective seemed to have reached an end. Slowly he turned over the leaves of his notebook, then put it away and said: "Would you care to tell me, Miss Hanset, where you took your motor-cycle after you moved it from the hut in Borcambe Wood on Wednesday evening?"

June Hanset gasped. Then she put her hands up to her face. A sob shook her body, and the two police officers knew they had her.

HALF an hour later, June Hanset was brought before the chief constable.

Sitting up in his chair, Faidlaw said abruptly: "Miss Hanset, I have to tell you that you will be charged with being concerned in the abduction of Benjamin Litmore on the fifth of April and with demanding money from his father with menaces. I must caution you that you need not say anything now, but that if you do wish to make a statement it will be taken down in writing and may be used in evidence."

June Hanset's lips tightened and she drew herself up, but she did not speak. After waiting for a minute, the chief constable went on: "We know, of course, that you were not alone in this. There was a man concerned with you; at present we do not know who he is, though we shall know in time."

There was a snap of fire in June Hanset's eyes. She gave a little snort of contempt, but still she said nothing. At that moment Faidlaw felt something of admiration for her.

His finger touched a bell on his desk and almost immediately a door at the side of the room opened and Chief Superintendent Yule, the chief clerk, came in. He was followed by a broad-shouldered man in a grey suit—Superintendent Jonnison. June Hanset's eyes switched to the newcomers, and Vine, watching closely, saw them register surprise and then . . . what was it? A quick flash of thought? He felt he could almost see the rapid working of her brain.

"Jim!" she exclaimed.

Jonnison's white, set face turned towards her. His expression did not change an iota.

"Do you know this woman, Mr. Jonnison?" Faidlaw asked.

Jonnison turned his heavy eyes back to his chief. "No, sir. To the best of my belief I have never seen her before."

"Oh! You . . . you . . . dirty traitor!" The fury in June Hanset's face and voice was an echo of her words. She had to be forcibly restrained as she tried to strike Jonnison.

"I will make a statement now," she told the chief constable.

At once Dale signed to a policewoman, who took a professional grip of June Hanset's arm and led her from the room. As soon as the door was closed, the chief constable rose from his chair. "I will ask you to go back to your house now, Mr. Jonnison," he said. "I hope . . . that your sick leave will soon be over."

A look of astonishment spread slowly

over Jonnison's face. "You're not . . . you're not charging me, sir?"

It was a difficult moment for the chief constable. "At the moment, all I can say is that I have no more reason to charge you now than I had when I sent you on sick leave a week ago. . . ."

Within half an hour Vine reported to the chief constable and Dale that June Hanset had made a statement. "Of course, it's a pack of lies as far as the man himself is concerned, but there's a lot of useful stuff in it. Now we shall be able to go ahead."

Vine was looking extremely pleased with himself. Faidlaw, who was not, decided to prick that bubble.

"That may or may not be so, Mr. Vine," he said. "I can't say I like the methods that have been followed to reach this position."

Vine was at once contrite. He said quickly: "I am very sorry about that, sir. What I have had in mind from the first—what I believe you wished yourself, sir—was to get Mr. Jonnison cleared of this suspicion as quickly as possible. I had to look for a short cut. So we brought the woman Hanset in for interrogation and, though she stuck it well, it softened her up. It got her ready for the shock treatment—seeing Superintendent Jonnison marched in here under escort, more or less."

Vine's normally stolid face was showing an unusual animation. He continued: "I don't know whether you were watching her face when he came in, sir. I was. You could see her thoughts. As I say, she knew that she herself was for it, but here was the chance to pin the crime on the wrong man, the man they had been trying to pin it on to all along—Superintendent Jonnison. She'd take him down with her if she could, and save her lover—whoever he is."

"Yes, I suppose we are bound to get the right man now," said Faidlaw.

Vine nodded. "Bound to, sir—with the help she's now given us."

"And this right man; you think you know who he is? What about that photograph you've been keeping up your sleeve?"

Almost reluctantly Vine drew from his pocket the photograph he had extracted from the batch of Gullivant's snapshots. "Not very clear, I'm afraid, sir," he said. "Sergeant Wittam more or less identified the man as Mr. Jonnison."

"Jonnison! After all?"

Faidlaw took the photograph. He studied it carefully, then slowly raised his head and stared at Vine. "It can't be! Here, Dale; have a look."

Dale's quick exclamation showed that he had little doubt. "It's Norris Shefton, sir."

"You expected this, Mr. Vine?" said Faidlaw.

"Not quite that, sir," Vine said. "But I wasn't entirely surprised. I went out to Shefton's house to check Sam Oldwistle's alibi. He wasn't there at first, and I had a talk with Mrs. Shefton, who volunteered that she and her husband had noticed that Mr. Jonnison had lost a finger."

"That finger!" exclaimed the chief constable. "That hasn't been explained yet."

Vine held out his left hand. The top half of the middle finger appeared to be missing . . . until he turned the hand over and showed it clamped into his palm.

"A month or two of daily drill and that finger would lie flat and hidden without difficulty," he said. "If Jonnison wasn't the kidnapper, then someone was trying to pin the crime on him—someone who knew about that finger. Someone, too, who knew that he had a brother who might be in Newcastle any time."

The chief constable shifted uneasily in his chair. "It's a horrible idea," he said. "The boy's own brother-in-law."

"Yes, sir: I found it difficult to believe. Shefton gave me complete confirmation of Oldwistle's alibi—yes, he had seen him at the dogs on the night of the kidnapping at 'getting on for nine o'clock' and 'just before ten.' And by implication that gave a complete alibi to Shefton too—until you realized that he was giving it himself."

Faidlaw said shortly: "I don't understand why you haven't told me about this before, Mr. Vine."

"It's been mere suspicion so far, sir. No proof at all. There is still almost no proof. It will take time to build up a case against him."

"And how do you propose to get the proof that you haven't got now?" asked Faidlaw gloomily.

"I propose to question Shefton, sir. I want another confession."

It was after nine o'clock when Vine reached the Sheftons' house at Hickloft. Once again the door was opened to him by Mrs. Shefton.

"Very inconvenient hours, I'm afraid, madam," Vine said apologetically. "But the chief constable particularly wished me to see Mr. Shefton tonight. I should hope not to keep him long."

Mrs. Shefton seemed inclined to resist, but then the study door opened and Shefton himself appeared.

"What the devil . . . oh, it's you, Chief Inspector. More questions? Well, you'd better come in. But let's keep it short; I'm tired as hell."

They were soon sitting again on opposite sides of the fireplace, with two reading lamps as the only illumination.

"I know it's no good offering you a drink," Shefton said. "Perhaps before you go . . . well, anyway, what is it? Surely you chaps are a long time charging Jonnison—it's about him you want to see me, I suppose? By the way, I hear young Ben is coming back on Monday; you're waiting for him to identify the kidnapper, eh?"

Vine thought he could detect a nervous note in all these questions. He said: "Not exactly that, sir; the case is nearing completion, but the boy's identification will certainly be valuable—particularly of the room in which he was kept a prisoner."

The match just struck by Norris Shefton to relight his pipe remained motionless until it was flicked into the

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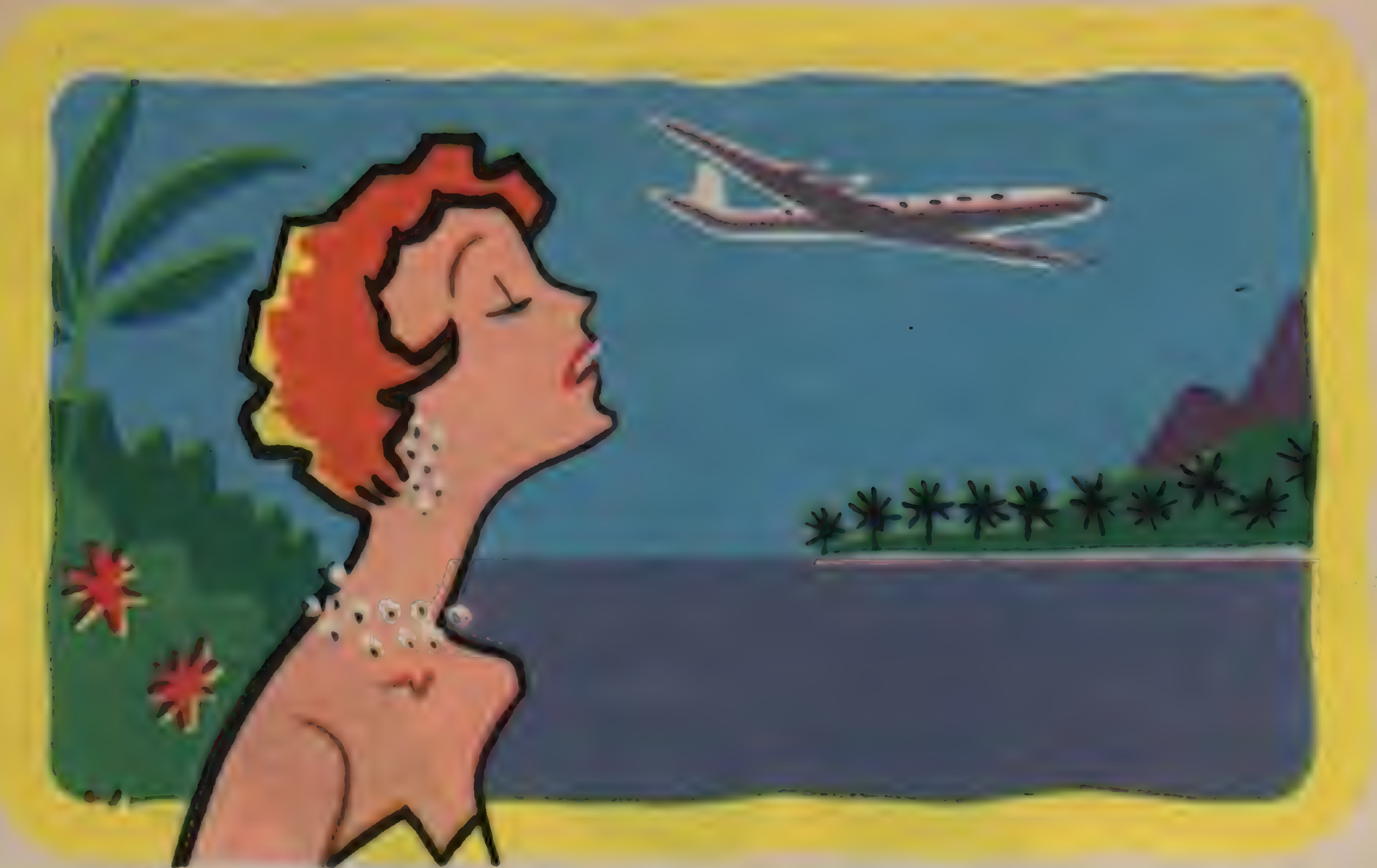

1 This pretty heiress, young and slender,
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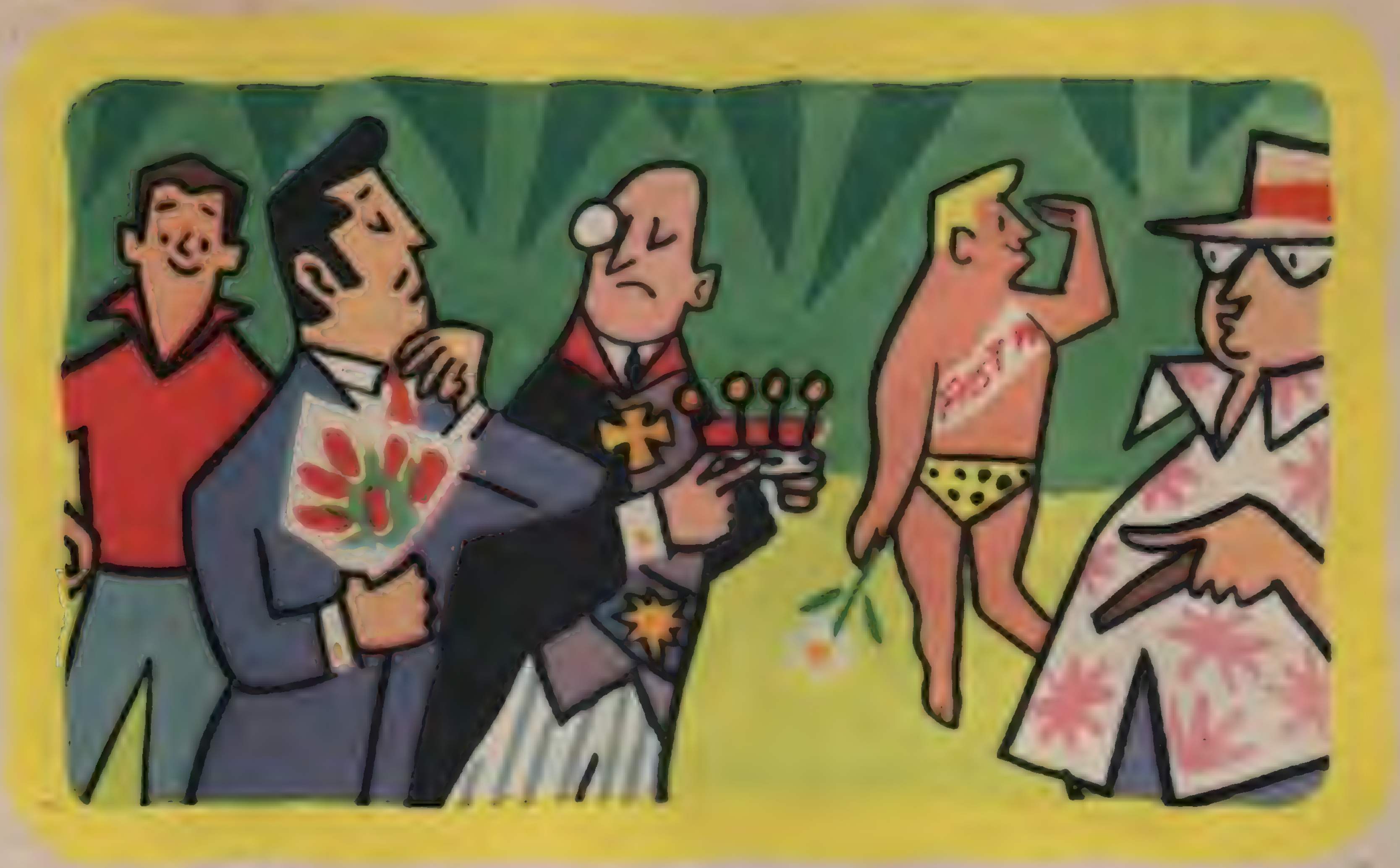
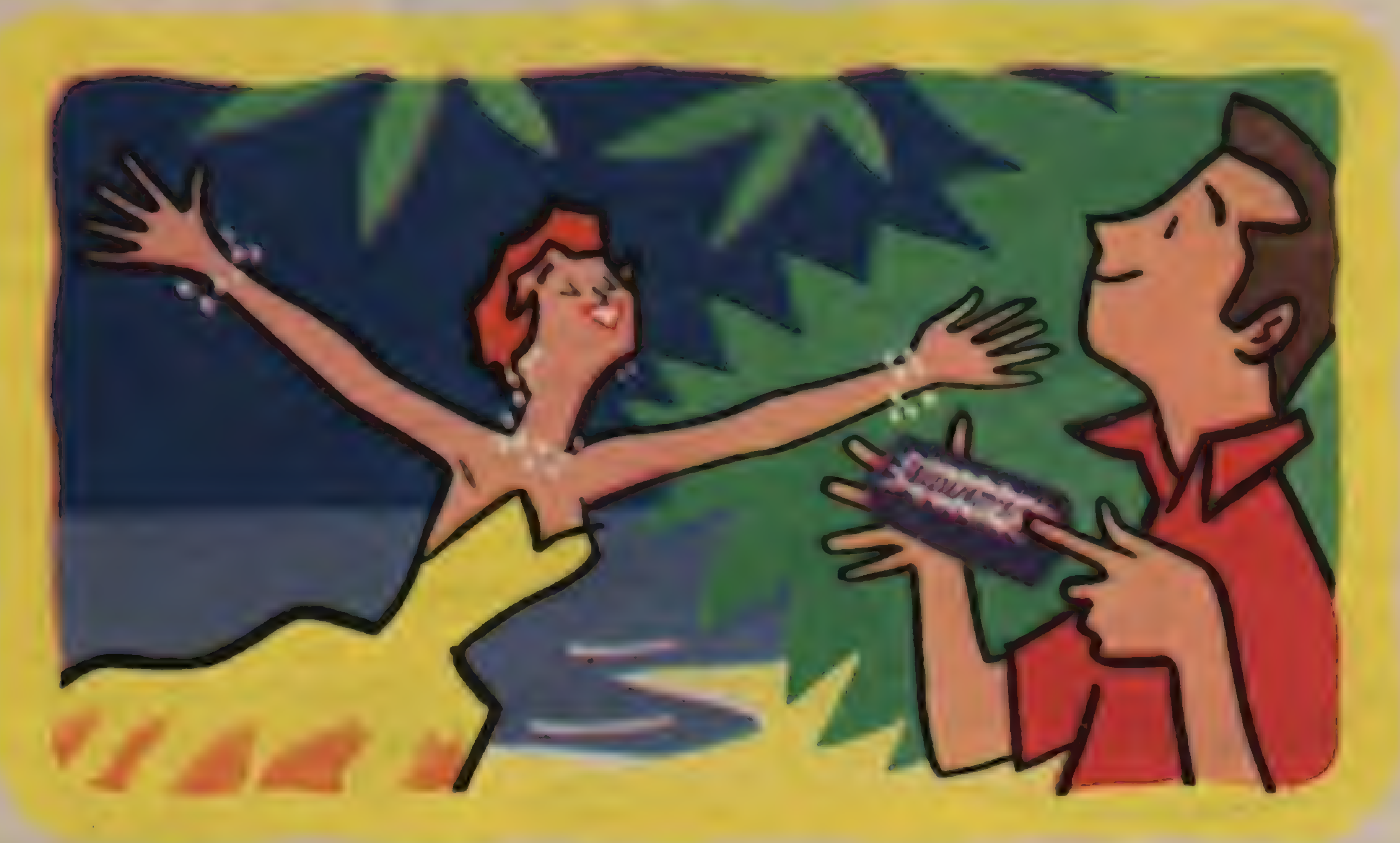


2 So fortune hunters, rich and poor,
To south-sea islands went on tour



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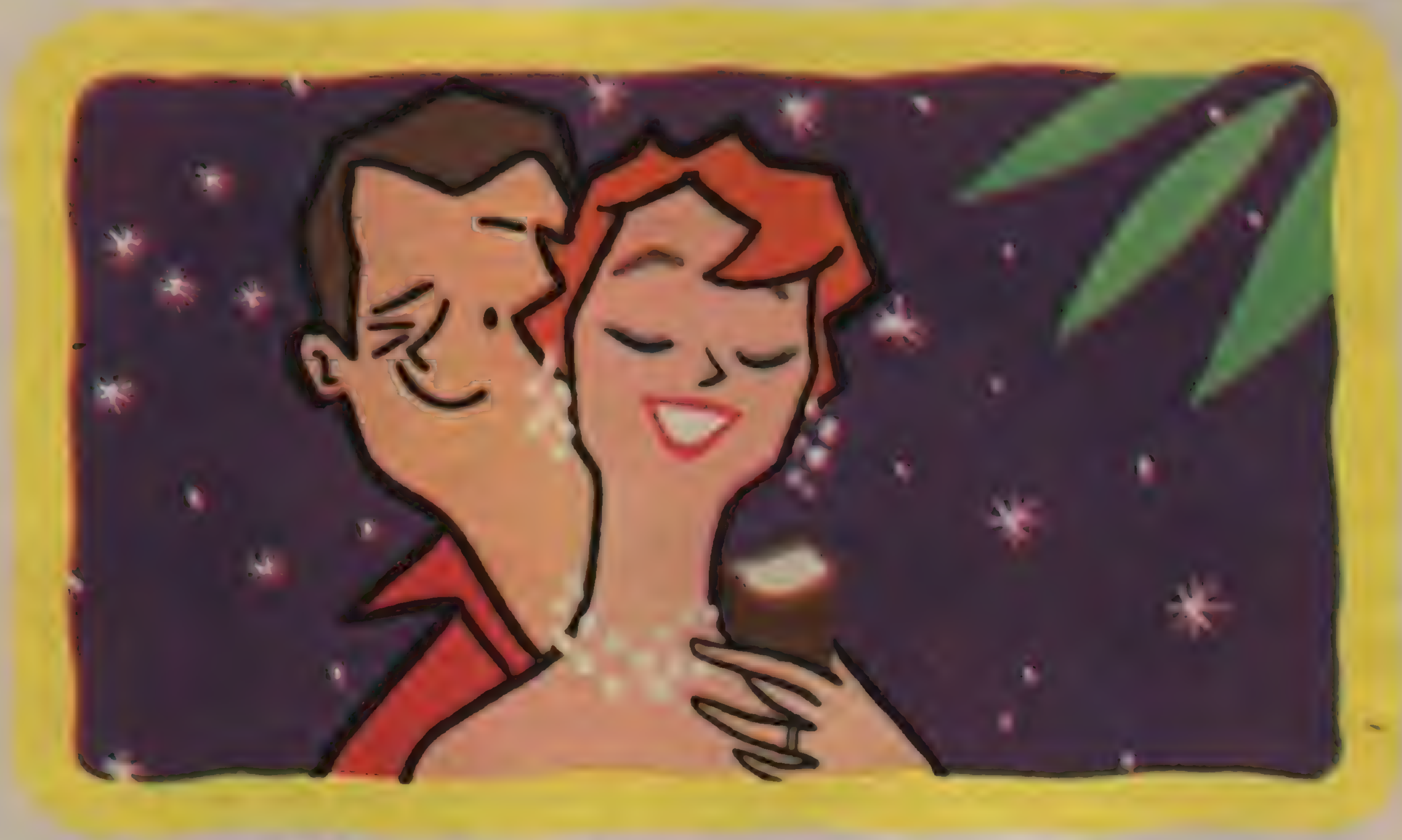

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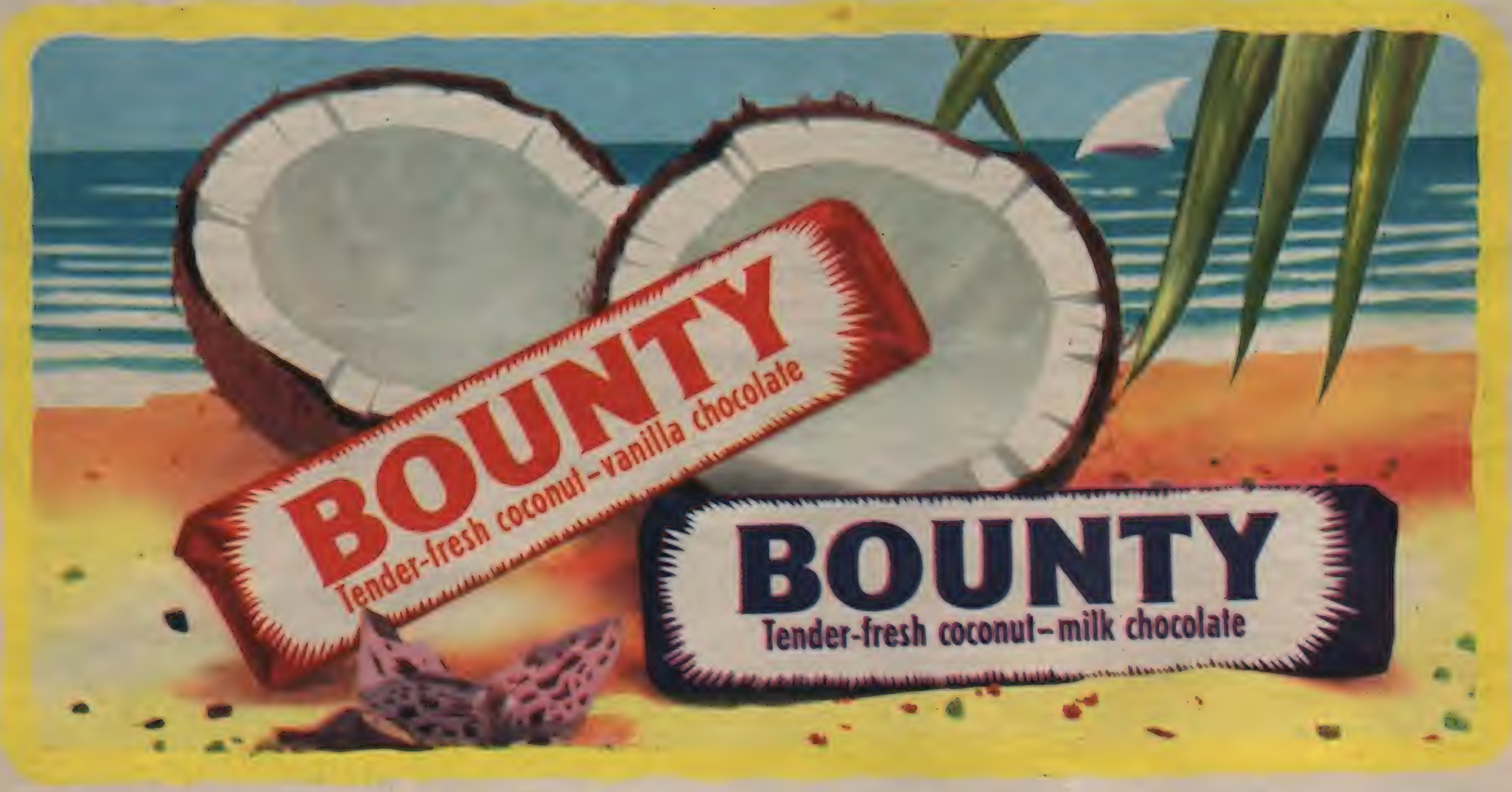

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fireplace. A second one was struck and the pipe lit before the stockbroker spoke.

"Think you've found that, eh? In Jonnison's house?"

"No, sir. In one of those bungalows in Duquesne Road—a Miss June Hanset is the tenant."

Shefton himself was completely motionless now. Vine wished that he could see the man's face, but it was in shadow.

"Oh, really?" Shefton said. "What an extraordinary thing!"

"Do you happen to know her, sir?"

"I? What was the name? Hanset? Don't think I've ever heard it before. Why do you ask me?"

Vine said: "I should perhaps mention that Miss Hanset was arrested this afternoon and will be charged with being concerned in the kidnapping."

Shefton leaned quickly forward and tapped out his pipe on the hearth. When he straightened up he seemed quite calm, though Vine still could not see his face.

"Has she . . . made any kind of confession?"

Of course, it would be so easy now to trap the man into making a confession himself. Vine felt sure that if he were to say that Hanset had implicated her lover—if that was what he was—he was weak enough to give up the fight. But that sort of lie would get Vine himself into trouble.

He said deliberately: "Miss Hanset made a statement, but I am not at liberty to disclose what it contained."

For a moment Norris Shefton sat in silence, digesting what he had been told. Then he got out of his chair. "Sure you won't have a drink? I always have a nightcap."

This particular nightcap would not help him to sleep, thought Vine, seeing the three-finger measure slopped from decanter to glass.

The drink had its momentary effect. "I still don't see what this has got to do with me, Chief Inspector," Shefton said. "What did you want to ask me about?"

"In the first place, just whether you are acquainted with this Miss June Hanset?"

"I have already told you: no."

"Thank you, sir. Then may I ask you about your own movements on one or two days? We are covering that with a number of people." Vine paused. "May I direct your mind to Sunday, the tenth of April? That is the evening on which Ben Litmore was returned to his family. No doubt you would remember that evening, sir?"

"I remember that he was returned, of course, but I can't now remember the actual evening. Was it a Sunday? Then no doubt I was at home; we very seldom go out on a Sunday evening."

"No doubt Mrs. Shefton would be able to confirm that?"

Norris Shefton hesitated. "Well, no," he said. "Now I come to think of it, my wife was staying with her mother at the time. The old lady had some sort of a breakdown when she was sent some of Ben's hair, and the doctor ordered her to bed. Helen—my wife—was kind enough to stay there and look after her. You'll just have to take my word for it that I was here."

"And no one else in the house, sir?" asked Vine.

"No. We don't have a servant living in. I just got myself some supper."

Very convenient for him, Vine thought. Very lucky his wife had been away that night. Had he, in fact, encouraged her to stay with her mother? In any case, this meant a lot of hard work in proving that he was not at home that night. Unless——

Vine decided to change his ground. He said: "You spoke of young Litmore returning on Monday, sir. We shall then have his help in trying to identify the man who picked him up in the car. . . ."

"But he has already done that," interposed Shefton quickly.

"Actually it was the hand he identified, I think, sir. The description given by the other boy, Jack Smead, does not appear to cover Superintendent Jonnison, except as regards build. He did not notice the missing finger. Smead spoke of the man having a large moustache—a handle-bar type."

"Jonnison could easily have put one on over his own small moustache. Safest way of hiding it."

"Yes, sir—he could have been wearing a false moustache. So, of course, could anyone else." He paused. "Now, to help us in our inquiries we got photographs of eight men of about the build described by young Smead; we then got a photographer to draw in the type of moustache described and then re-photographed it. He did it very cleverly, and the result is quite striking. I wonder whether you would help me by looking over them and seeing if there is anyone you recognize."

Slowly Chief Inspector Vine drew the eight photographs from his pocket and handed them, one by one, to Norris Shefton.

"But this . . . surely this one *is* Jonnison," said Shefton. "I'd know his eyes anywhere. I know him well."

"Yes, sir, I realize that. Yes, that is Mr. Jonnison. And this one?"

As Shefton looked at the last of the eight he sat up sharply. "Good God! This is me."

"Yes, sir," said Vine quietly. "That is you. We took the liberty to include you in the eight."

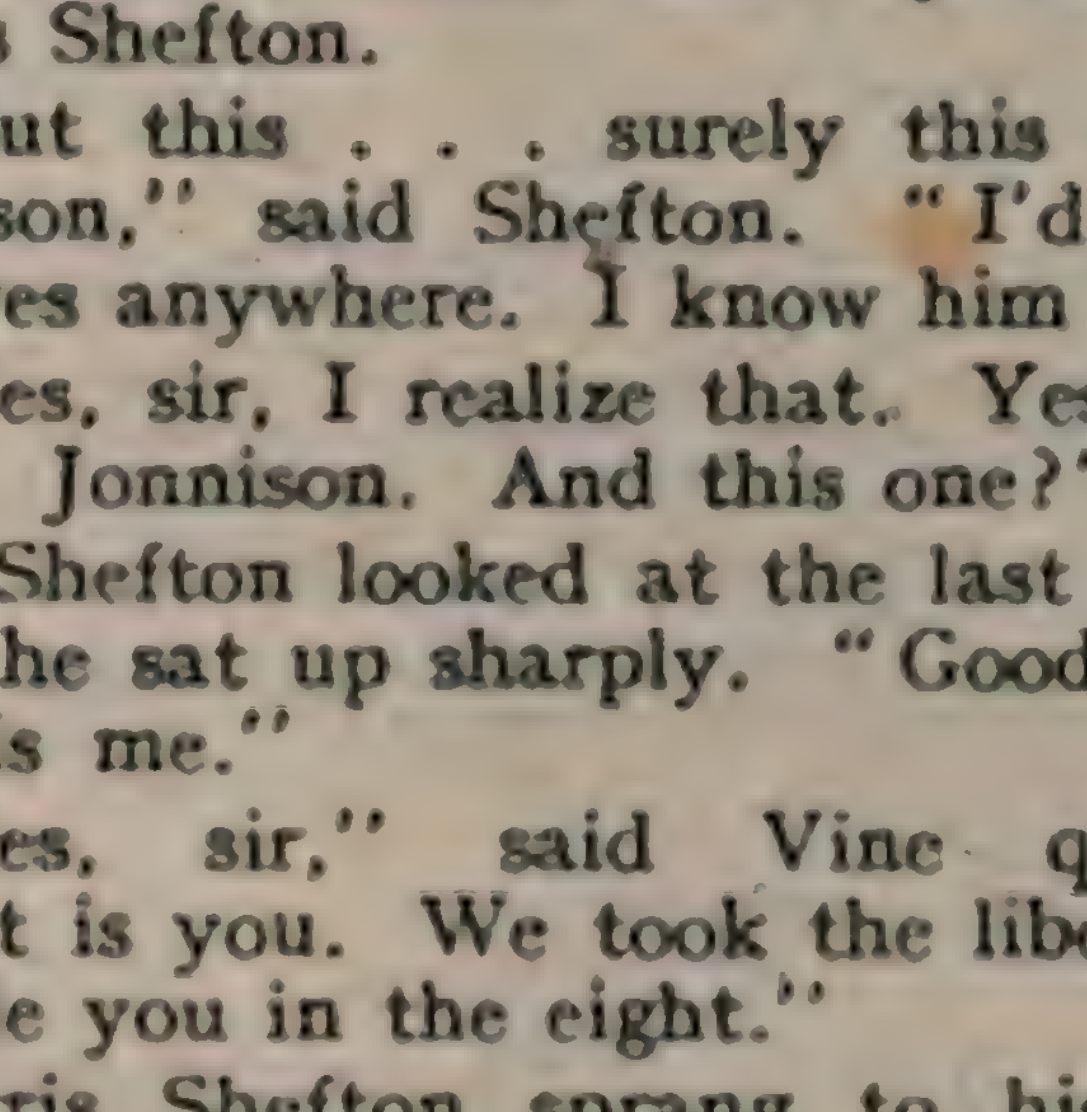
Norris Shefton sprang to his feet. "But this is intolerable, Chief Inspector. You had no right whatever to take such a liberty. I shall make the strongest possible complaint to the chief constable. I am not going to say one more word to you—or if I do, it will be with my solicitor present."

"You are quite entitled to ask for that, sir, of course," Vine said equably. "Tomorrow is Sunday, but perhaps you will be able to make contact with him. I think the sooner the better, for everybody's sake."

Vine rose to his feet and put out his hand for the eight photographs which Shefton still held. But in Vine's hand was now another photograph, clearly visible in the light of the reading lamp, the snapshot of a bathing-party at Gullivant's Camp in 1951.

MY BROTHER LARRY

See page 32



Larry Adler, the famous harmonica player, is Mr. Jerry Adler's brother

A deep-drawn breath, almost a gasp, came from Norris Shefton. He stared at the photograph, but did not take it.

"I had intended to ask you whether you recognized the lady," said Vine, "but I must not ask you that now. I will say good night, sir, and perhaps you will let me know what time I can see you and your solicitor tomorrow morning."

Norris Shefton remained in his chair as Vine walked out of the study, closing the door quietly behind him. The detective was not too well pleased with the way things had gone; he was left with no doubt about the guilt of Norris Shefton, but he had obtained no real proof.

As he crossed the hall, a door on the opposite side opened and Helen Shefton appeared.

"Oh, Mr. Vine," she said, "I was just going to ask if you would like some coffee—or possibly tea. My husband always forgets that sort of thing, and I was shy of interrupting you."

"That's very good of you, Mrs. Shefton, but I'm just going." Vine hesitated, then took the plunge. "I was asking your husband, among other things, about the evening young Ben came home—Sunday, the tenth. He told me that you were staying with your mother and that he himself spent the evening alone here. Can you remember . . . ?"

The sound of voices must have reached Norris Shefton, because he suddenly appeared in the study doorway.

"No!" he exclaimed harshly. "My wife is not to be brought into this. She can't possibly know what I was doing that evening."

"Oh, but I do, Norris," Helen Shefton said. "I was so cross with Daddy for not asking you to stay for supper at Waverley, and you told me that you were dining at the club with Mark Jinnery. I was so relieved."

"Nonsense! I had supper here. You are muddling up the evenings."

"Oh, but I'm not, darling. You remember, I came home next morning, because Ben was back, and I asked you about your dinner and you said Mark had been so amusing? I remember perfectly."

White with anger, Norris Shefton took a step towards his wife. "For God's sake hold your tongue, you fool," he exclaimed.

"Norris! You mustn't speak to me like that."

"Oh, go to hell!"

Shefton turned on his heel and strode back into his study, slamming the door behind him. . . .

Ten days had passed since Chief Inspector Vine's second visit to Hickloft, and Norris Shefton had been arrested and charged with the abduction of Ben Litmore. He had already made his first appearance before the stipendiary and had been remanded in custody for a week, as June Hanset had been before him.

Now Vine was off to London and, by way of a send-off, Superintendent Dale was throwing a little party in his honour. Jonnison was there—without his wife, who had declined the invitation.

"So sad Mrs. Jonnison couldn't come," said Anne Dale, as four glasses of sherry were being filled. "That means you men will want to talk your shop all the time, and what about me? You're a married man, I suppose, Mr. Vine?"

The stolid Vine, looking curiously younger now that he was off duty, grinned and shook his head.

"It's not good for a policeman to be unmarried," said Mrs. Dale. "You want a wife to take some of the nonsense out of you."

After the meal Anne Dale retired to do the washing-up, and the three police officers settled themselves in easy-chairs and lit their pipes.

Jonnison started the talk. "You know," he said, "you two chaps have got the advantage of me. There's a lot of this story I don't know—and I want to. Any objection to some questions?"

"Of course not, Jim," said Dale warmly.

Jonnison said: "Those first two threatening letters to Herbert Litmore—telling him to lay off attacking the funfairs in his newspaper. Were they connected with the kidnapping?"

"Well," replied Dale, "the first one old Litmore put in the waste-paper basket, but the second one we've got, and the Yard handwriting experts are working on it and on the kidnapping letters. I don't think there can be much doubt that they're all written by the same person."

"Interesting," said Jonnison. "I suppose Shefton wrote the funfair threatening letters as a red herring; he *wanted* the kidnapping letters to be connected with funfairs, hoping that suspicion would turn on some of those chaps—as an alternative to me. After all, the boys might not have noticed the finger trick, and then no one would have thought much about my absence that night. I suppose, by the way, it was that girl who rang me up and pretended to be the almoner or what not at Newcastle Infirmary."

Dale nodded.

Jonnison said: "Is that boy's memory coming back at all? Young Ben's?"

Dale shook his head. "He's not going to be much use, I'm afraid. He's completely hazy about the whole of those five days, owing to the drug."

"Poor kid," said Jonnison. "What about the eight photographs? Did you try him with them?"

"Yes, indeed we did, and there he was clear enough, because, of course, he saw the man before he was drugged."

"Recognize Shefton?"

"No, dammit, even though I left the photographs in front of him for quite a while. Of course, I couldn't say 'Do you recognize that as Norris?' I just did the usual—was the man who picked him up one of those eight photographs? He picked three possible; Shefton was one of them."

"Wonderful what a large moustache and cheekpads will do," said Vine, "especially when it's a not very observant boy. I gather that the two of them didn't see a great lot of each other, anyway."

Dale nodded.

"But why did Shefton want money that badly?" asked Vine.

Dale said: "Shefton has been a gambler all his life, and my belief is that, when you go and see his London brokers, Vine, you'll find he sold shares too soon or bought too late."

He opened some more beers. Then he went on: "What I've never been able to understand was that Clitton Park misfire. Why, in the first place, did the kidnapper—Shefton—fix on such a public spot for the handover; and, then, why did he not turn up?"

Vine looked surprised. "Didn't you get that?" he said. "Why, that was

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DALE looked at the Scotland Yard man with respect. "Yes, I see that," he said. "Well, you've got that evening tied up all right. Now what about the tenth, when the boy was put in that gun emplacement at Hartlepool? According to June Hanset's statement, the man was in that. What was his alibi?"

Vine smiled. "That was where he made a silly mistake. He told me that he was at home that evening. But his wife remembered him saying that he was dining with his senior partner, Mark Jinnery. What's more, she remembered that next morning she had asked her husband about the dinner and he had said something to her about Jinnery being in good form."

"Good lord!" said Jonnison. "That was a knock for him; and of course you questioned Jinnery. But how did you come to get that out of Mrs. Shelton? I thought you couldn't question the wife?"

"I got it before he was charged or cautioned. Bit of luck, really. She just floated out into the hall and handed it to me on a plate."

A slow smile crossed Vine's face.

"Now I have a question for you, Jonnison," he said. "Perhaps you'll just tell me what in fact you were doing up at the Dukeries on the night of Friday, the twenty-second of April."

Superintendent Dale opened his eyes in astonishment. "Dukeries?" he said. "The twenty-second? But Jonnison was under . . . I mean, he was on sick leave then."

Jonnison seemed quite unmoved, either by Vine's inquiry or by Dale's surprise.

"Quite right," he told them. "But I needed some exercise, so I took a stroll each evening. Vine here had told me there was a girl up at the Dukeries that you were all interested in, so I thought I'd slip up there and see the lie of the land. My little dog came too."

"Didn't know you had a dog," said Dale.

Jonnison went on inexorably. "I strolled down that lane you were so interested in, Dick, and when I got to the end I turned sharp round, and my little dog just had time to dive into the ditch and bury his nose in the mud."

Vine put his head back and burst into a shout of laughter. "My poor Halloway!" he exclaimed. "So you knew all the time that he was tailing you?"

"My dear chap, what do you think? A London copper pounding along behind one isn't so easily missed."

All three men were laughing now, and presently the door opened and Mrs. Dale appeared. "Sounds as if the solemn business was over," she said. "I've got a visitor, and she'd like to join in the laugh, too."

Vine and Jonnison had risen to their feet when Anne Dale came in, and now her husband did the same, looking in surprise at the woman who stood, hesitating, in the doorway, a pleasant, smiling young woman in a dark green dress.

"You . . . you want me, Sergeant Wittam?" asked Dale.

"Not you, silly," said his wife. "You don't see what's going on under your eyes. Come on, Mr. Vine, speak up."

Bewildered, Superintendent Dale looked now at the Scotland Yard man. Vine was happily awkward. "It seems," he began, "that I'll have to make a full statement. . . ."

THE END

"The Stolen Boy" by Henry Wade will be published as a book by Constable at the end of this month. It will be called "The Litmore Snatch." Price: 12s. 6d.

The strange mercy

Continued from page 11

a squatting position, too surprised to move. Neither of them paid the slightest attention to the two birds that had fallen to the ground.

"I thought you were shooting at me," Barrington said breathlessly, covering him with his rifle.

The Maori grinned. "I might have—only for the *kereru*. They took all my attention." He got slowly to his feet. "You really got me this time, eh? You move about like a cat—or a rat."

"Just leave your gun on the ground where it is," Barrington warned him.

"What are you going to do?" Harare asked, folding his arms across his chest.

Barrington felt like a melodramatic fool, playing the stern forest ranger, but he had to carry on with his part. "Pick up those two birds," he said, "and put them in your sack."

Harare grinned, without budging.

Barrington instantly jabbed the barrel of his rifle into the Maori's stomach. Harare's eyes blazed and he seemed about to spring, but he changed his mind. He retrieved the birds.

"Now, let's go," Barrington said, picking up Harare's shotgun.

Neither of them spoke again until they were walking down the main road, when Harare half turned and said: "I fix you properly one of these days."

"You'll get your chance soon," Barrington told him.

Later, when Harare found that they were not going to stop at the ranger's bungalow, he turned again: "I kill you when I come out of prison."

It was the humiliation that was bothering him, Barrington knew, especially now that they were approaching the village. Soon someone saw them coming, and the word spread quickly.

By the time they reached the *marae* gate, quite a crowd had gathered. Tuoro and Maria were there, and when he saw his sister Harare showed the first sign of emotion. He hung his head in shame.

Barrington threw the two guns aside and began to take off his shirt. He faced Harare, and said: "You're a disgrace to the Maori race, Harare."

It was as though Harare had been prepared for the challenge. He sprang forward, bringing down one of his fists with the speed and power of a lion's paw. Barrington warded off the blow with his arm, but the force of it knocked him off balance and sent him rocking backwards.

He took a stunning blow on the face then, and another, before he could get out of range and stand shakily on the defensive. His head rang with the blows and he tasted blood, but he was ready for the next rush. He stopped it with a left that made a sound like a whipcrack, jolting the Maori off his feet. Harare staggered back, now unsure of himself and showing it.

Barrington, his blood at boiling point, went in like a madman, pounding, flaying, forgetting the science of fighting; he wanted to smash this man like a fly under a mallet. He felt nothing as he struck time and again at the figure dodging in front of him.

Then suddenly there was no one in front of him—nothing but a reddish mist. When it cleared, when the world stopped revolving, he saw the crowd of faces, the *marae* gate. Harare was at his feet, trying to get up.

"Enough!" It was Tuoro who had spoken, coming between the two of them. Harare had finally got to his feet and was leaning on his sister's arm.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Barrington?" Tuoro asked, his face expressionless. "It was a good fight, and you won."

Barrington shook his head, pushing back his hair. "I'm satisfied personally," he said, "but the law isn't." He had meant to put it more tactfully, but he felt sick and shaken and in no mood for diplomacy.

"You will send him to prison?" It was Tuoro again, a trifle impatient.

Maria ran up to Barrington, touching his arm. "Please!" she said.

He glanced at Harare. He didn't know what to make of the fellow.

"I have a suggestion," Barrington said finally, addressing them in general. "You have a Maori Tribal Committee here, which is responsible for internal law and order. I suggest that you put Joe Harare on trial; and I'll accept the decision, whatever it is. There the matter will end."

At that moment, Barrington did not think it a brilliant idea at all; it just occurred to him, and he acted on it. There was a chance that it might do more good than harm; Harare would have got five years in a civil court, on the gun-threat charge alone.

But the Maoris were astonished.

Chief Tuoro held out his hand to the ranger, raised his ceremonial stick with the other, and began to address his people in Maori. All Barrington could understand was the word "*pakeha*" which occurred often. He gathered that it was all in praise of him; somehow he had made a hundred friends—and only one enemy, after all.

But while the chief was still speaking, Joe Harare came up and took Barrington by the arm, staring into his face. "You are a good *pakeha*," he said shamefacedly. "Maybe some day you come and hunt on the ridges with me, eh?"

"Be glad to," Barrington said, solemnly shaking hands.

Joe Harare followed the rest of them to the meeting-house, where he was to face an immediate trial. He semed to have shrunk a little in size, and his shoulders were hunched.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Barrington," Maria said, still beside him. "You did the wisest possible thing."

To hide his embarrassment, Barrington gingerly touched his bruised face. "What will he get, do you think?"

Maria frowned and lowered her eyes. "He is certain to get fined ten or twelve pounds, which is a lot of money. But that isn't all."

"No?"

She looked up at him. "The tribal elders are severe. They reach into the past and speak of ancient traditions. They are capable of arousing great shame. When my brother comes out of there, he will feel less a Maori. That will hurt him more than anything."

"I see." Barrington tried to smile. "But can't he make up for it?"

"Only by trying to be a good Maori," Maria said, and then they both smiled. "Yes, he will hunt elsewhere in future."

"I'd better be getting home," Barrington said and then paused. "Perhaps I'll see you again?"

"Yes," said Maria. "You must come and visit us."

"Thanks, I will. Goodbye."

He started off down the road towards his home. Just then, the village of Kerikeri looked lovelier than ever, and he knew he was going to be happy there. He was among friends. THE END

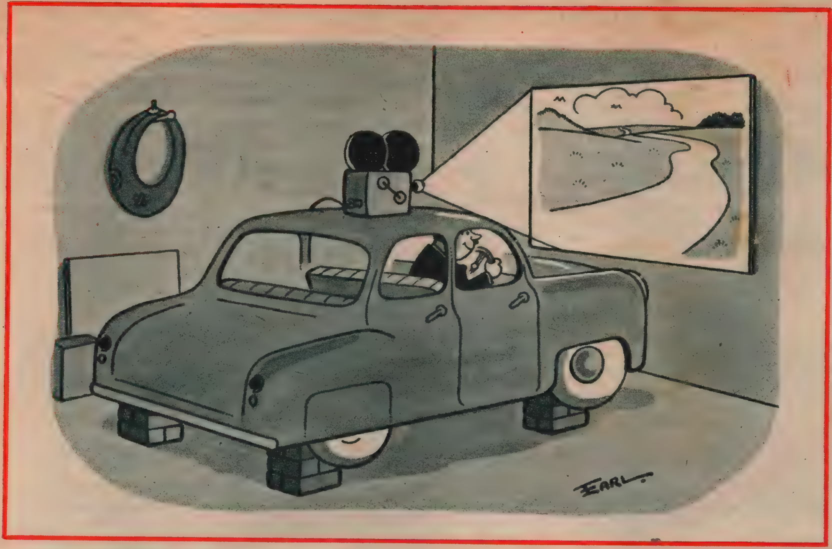
Here's Luck!

by F. W. HARVEY

Here's luck to the man who
  makes the verse!
Here's luck to the man who
  makes the tune!
Here's luck to the man who sings
  and brings 'em together in
  magic rune!
All might be doing much worse!

For whether the verse be halt or
  hale
Or whether the tune be strong or
  frail
Or whether the throat be fresh or
  dry
At least—they try

And in trying gain a happiness
Unknown to those whose only
  aim
Is money, pomp, advancement,
  fame
Or something even less!



Final balance

Continued from page 17

Clarence. "You seem to be upsetting Father."

Clarence gathered his newspaper and withdrew to the kitchen.

"And don't come back," roared his father after him, "until you've got yourself a job again. And you study it a bit more this time, my boy. Time you settled down reg'lar."

Seething, Clarence sat on a hard, slippery white chair in the kitchen.

"Can't you go somewhere?" said his sister. "Go for a walk, can't you?"

"I can't *keep* walking," pointed out Clarence.

"Go and sit in the park; it's lovely there," said his sister, who had been there once thirty years before. "Go out the back way. Dad says he doesn't want the neighbours to see you about at this time. They'll know you've lost your job."

"But I haven't," wailed Clarence.

"No," said his sister doubtfully. Lifelong customs had made her accept everything her father said as gospel, and by now she was fully convinced that Clarence had been sacked.

CHARACTER—2

Men are more lovable for the bad qualities they don't possess than for the good ones they do.

E. Phillips Oppenheim

Clarence went out; he walked down quiet side streets; he walked down the busy High Street; he looked in the shop windows. He felt people looking at him. All about him were the kind of men who can hang about in unbuttoned ease and look in shop windows, and stand at street corners staring in aimless contentment at nothing much, or sit smoking peacefully on public benches thoughtfully provided by amiable councils. No one gives them a thought. But everybody looked at Mr. Wayleigh; he could not be idle; he merely gave the impression that he had stopped work, and people looked at him to wonder why.

Presently, obeying instinctively his sister's command, he went into the park and sat on a bench. He was as noticeable as a crow in a canary's cage.

"You all right, sir?" said a park-keeper, stopping. "Don't feel queer or anything?"

"No," said Clarence. "Just—er—resting."

"Do you live about here, sir?" said the man, obviously under the impression it was a case of lost memory.

Muttering unintelligibly, Clarence fled.

"These business men," said the park-keeper, "when they break down they go all to pieces; poor chap."

Clarence returned home via the garden gate. It was a large garden with a shed at the bottom of it. Once old Jake had been a keen and boastful gardener, much given to the largest and showiest types of dahlias. Now the garden was overgrown and secret.

Clarence opened the door of the shed, shuddering at the spiders and creepy things which scuttled away. There was a workbench before the window, and an old garden chair.

He wiped the chair clean and sat down. There was a great silence. At all events, there was no one to stare at him here, except the occasional bird which hopped on the sill, tapping with its iron beak at the glass and looking in at him with head held sideways.

It was warm. He sat resting his hands on his furled umbrella. He looked like a great stuffed bird himself. But he couldn't sit there always, just staring, *could he*? He dozed off.

Presently he returned to the house.

"I don't think you'd better come in for lunch," whispered his sister. "Dad's still boiling. He said just now I wasn't to give you any food until you find yourself a job. Couldn't you slip up to the King Hal?"

Homeless under the sky, Clarence went to the strange land that was the King Hal, sat at a strange table, was served by a strange waitress. Yesterday he was known everywhere; not liked, perhaps, but known; now no one knew him, no one wanted him.

Afterwards he returned to the shed.

"I've made you a cup of tea," said his sister appearing in mid-afternoon. "Dad's asleep, so he won't see. I don't usually stop for tea in the afternoon." She looked at him. "Why don't you get yourself a job again?" she suggested.

It was the last straw; even in the paper folds that life had wrapped Clarence in, there was still something that lived, that had blood in its veins, and now it stirred.

"Because I won't," he shouted fiercely.

"Don't shout," his sister commanded him.

"Well then, I won't," he said in a quiet voice. "You don't understand. I've worked all these years, I've put up with things, people telling me off, young men pushing me aside, chaps who don't know telling me what to do. I've crowded into trains, day after day; fogs and rain and hold-ups and wars and everything. And always I've looked forward to retiring to make it all right, to make it worth while. And now I'm not wanted even here."

"Of course you are," his sister said. "It's just that it's awkward fitting you in. I don't want to upset Dad, it's not good for him at his age, and he'll never understand; you're still only a boy to him. If you could keep out of his way, go to the library or the museums or something; if you just went out regularly each morning. I don't suppose he'll last much longer."

He looked at her and was surprised at what he saw in her face. She had never been particularly fond of her father, but they partook of the same nature, and, having looked after him for so many years, she had the same kind of concerned responsibility for him that a keeper at the Zoo gets even

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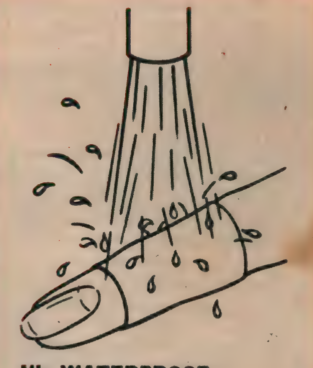

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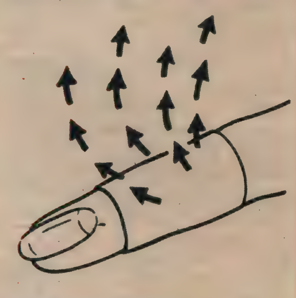

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for the most unlovable animal in his charge.

So Clarence sat through the longest afternoon he had ever known, took little aimless walks and returned home at his usual hour.

"Found something?" greeted his father.

"Yes," swallowed Clarence.

"Ah, thought I'd soon cure you of wanting to hang about here," grunted the old gentleman complacently, and staggered gamely off to his nightly helping of TV. . . .

Clarence hung about the shed like a disembodied spirit; *how long, how long, oh Lord?* Soon it would get cold. He couldn't sit there in snow and ice. He glanced down at his bony white hands and suddenly frost spun webs over them and he knew he was dead, that he was sitting there waiting for someone to discover him.

He roused himself with a shiver of panic, and it was then that, under the bench, he first saw the brown paper parcels. On one of them the paper wrapping was torn, and inside were account books and rolled-up bundles of documents tied with tape. He dragged them out.

He never could resist anything connected with accountancy. He unwrapped them. He realized they were the account books of his father's old business.

For twenty hectic years old Wayleigh had had a shop slap in the centre of the High Street. It had long since been pulled down and a mammoth departmental store built in its place. Wayleigh's had been a small shop but, like its owner, it had made a lot of noise. Something was always happening there; horses dashed into its windows; old ladies fainted outside and were propped on chairs brought from its interior; shoplifters were hustled out defiantly under police escort. You couldn't overlook it. Everybody knew Wayleigh's.

- *The Small Shop with the Big Reputation,* blazoned its huge banners.

At the end of twenty years, old Wayleigh had sold out and, still the right side of fifty, had retired to spend his money as dashingly as he had made it.

And these were his accounts, tossed callously aside when he had finished. Clarence felt quite a fellow-feeling for them.

He peeped inside and was shocked, profoundly shocked. The entries were in his father's bold, careless writing, sometimes in pencil, sometimes in ink, scrawled independently of ruled lines and columns, crossed out, blotted—oh, horrible! Clarence could forgive his father much, his robust vulgarity, his careless table manners; but to keep the accounts of a business in so disgusting a manner was really unforgivable.

Clarence thrust the decent paper over them again to cover their loathsomeness, and made to drop them into the kindly, concealing dust.

Then an idea came to him. All his life he had worshipped accountancy, beautifully ruled hand-written accounts, none of your machine-posted, modern horrors. He was a fine penman himself and had had so little opportunity of proving it. This, then, would be his task: to rewrite this hodge-podge; to give it form and beauty; to present to this day and age a set of books written as they ought to be written.

He went out and bought the finest set of ledgers he could obtain; ink, lovely, liquid, softly blue-black—avaunt you ball-points, oozing along in smeary paste! He bought soft green blotting-paper, fresh as spring fields; pens with nibs velvet-pointed, gliding sweetly as swans over the white sea of paper.

There was no hurry, no telephone; he could spend a day on a few lines.

He made himself comfortable, with an oil-stove, a teapot, a tin of his sister's cakes. She had a dim notion that he was writing a book on accountancy. His father thought he went off each morning to work. But this was not work, this glorious, unnecessary task.

He finished the accounts for the first two or three years—they reflected struggling times, the figures scarcely balancing. A less stout-hearted man than old Wayleigh would have turned it in. But then came the turn of the tide, with the profits steadily growing; and, riding in on the flood, as corsairs of old, the Inland Revenue Department.

"If there isn't a bus within five minutes, we'll walk"

There was a lot of correspondence with them initially until old Wayleigh had got the hang of preparing his figures in the way they wanted. His annual payments to them grew.

Clarence's smooth-flowing pen had dealt with the accounts for the seventh year, and was busy with the final balance sheet. His pen lifted, and his brow creased. Something was out of gear. He went back over the figures. No, he had made no error. He referred to the balance sheet again. Several of the figures were decidedly at variance with the accounts. He went over them again and again.

A cold sweat dewed his forehead; there was no mistake about it; his father, boldly, swingingly, as was ever his wont, had fiddled the books and had defrauded the Commissioners out of several hundred pounds.

CHARACTER—3

A man never shows his own character so plainly as by the way he portrays another's.

J. P. Richter

Clarence put the books down hurriedly. He covered them with paper, as if the police were peering over his shoulder. He went back to the house. His father was bending down, grunting as usual, putting coal on the fire. His son gazed at the paternal backside, which he had respected and revered, and saw it draped in its rightful panoply of broad arrows; and shivered.

"You've got the shivers," said his father accusingly. "Then don't you come near me, boy. I don't want to catch none of your sniffles."

Clarence, after a night of disturbed sleep, returned agitatedly to the shed. Perhaps it was all a mistake, sheer carelessness on his father's part? He, Clarence, had only to mention it to him and he would instantly send on a cheque. . . . Or would he? Would he not rather demand who his son thought he was, pushing his ruddy nose into his ruddy business?

Clarence turned to the following years. Now he was no longer a craftsman creating a masterpiece but a bloodhound snuffling its way along a criminal track.

The next year was even worse, the next—frightful; the next—he banged the book shut with a shudder.

But surely the Inland Revenue inspector must have checked the old gentleman's figures? An even greater horror descended on Clarence. Did it suggest that his father had corrupted some official to turn a blind eye, that they had worked a racket between them?

An ordinary man would have had his ideas on matters, gone outside, lit a bonfire and sent the whole thing up in smoke. But Clarence was a high priest of accountancy. *The books must balance.* Millions must be sacrificed for the misplaced penny. This was a *crusade.*

He resumed his task, still writing as beautifully as ever, year after year, putting down the right figures. It took him months. He did not hurry. Perhaps, secretly, he was hoping old Jake would fade from this life before the indictment against him was completed. But old Jake, like his favourite TV programme, looked as if he were set for going on for ever.

Clarence came to the last year—1906, the year his father had retired. By this time, Jake's standard of bookkeeping had degenerated even for him. It was the wildest scribble, with a balance sheet palpably false.

Then, carefully, Clarence drew up a summary of twenty years' true figures as against those declared. The defalcations amounted to close on £5,000—a tidy figure for those days.

But how, questioned the eternal accountant, how had the old man sold the business without his figures being produced?

Carefully he brought the point up one evening.

"Ah," said old Jake, "that was a do, that was. I knew those people had been buying up property all round, and along comes this accountant fellow of theirs—white-faced, snivelling clerk, he was, like you, me boy. 'I'll have to see your books first, of course,' he says, uppish-like. 'Neither you nor anybody else is going to poke their nose into my books,' says I."

Old Jake bellowed with laughter, while Clarence shivered in fear.

"And," continued the old man, "'I don't deal with clerks,' I said to him. 'You send your boss to see me and we'll talk.' 'I doubt if Sir James will come,' he says. 'Then Sir James will stay away,' says I, 'and I'll be none the worse for that.'

"But Sir James did come, and we sized each other up.

"'I know it's the site you want,' I says, 'and my business don't matter a snap of the fingers to you, so I'll just tell you what it's worth to me and you can take it or leave it. Hundred thousand and it's yours, to the last ball of string, but no accountahts or busybodies like that.' 'Done,' he said, and I wrapped up my set of books and walked out there and then and left it to him."

"Here's your milk," interrupted his daughter, and he glared at her.

"Ah," he said, dipping his wicked old nose above the innocent beverage, "hundred thousand." He chuckled, paused and glared at them. "Spent every penny of it, too, I have, on meself. There's nothing left but the house. You'll have to sell that when I die. *You'll* have to go out to work then," he flung with delight at his daughter.

"That'll be a change," she said sardonically.

"Ah, you won't like that," he agreed, nodding off.

"Still got plenty of spirit, hasn't he?" said his daughter, looking at him with grim admiration.

On the next day, Clarence had another idea. He took his sheet of figures and went to look for the income tax office which had dealt with the old man's figures. There was a bomb site where it had been, with wild flowers, self-planted, nodding, perhaps symbolically, above a gaping hole.

He ascertained the present address of the tax office and, going there, made tentative inquiries about Mr. Skinner, the gentleman his father had dealt with, without any hope that anybody would even remember the name. To his surprise they said they would fetch Mr. Skinner.

A courteous, rather fluffy gentleman appeared.

"You can't be the Mr. Skinner I want," said Clarence, and explained cautiously that he had heard of a Mr. Skinner whom his father had had dealings with.

"*My* father, I expect," said young Mr. Skinner, beaming. "He was with the Department too, at one time—at the old office, of course, in New Street. But he came into money unexpectedly and resigned, oh, years ago—let me see, 1907.

"I remember—it was quite an event and thoroughly altered our way of life. Mother had been ill for some time, and we all went away to Switzerland. We were there three years before she died. Very happy years. My father died shortly after that. I'm sure he never regretted spending his legacy in that fashion.

"Afterwards, as he seemed to do so well at it, I joined the Inland Revenue myself. I'm afraid," Mr. Skinner said, twinkling, "that I haven't done nearly as well. I suppose you couldn't tell me the secret?"

"No," said Clarence hurriedly.

"Ah, well," said gentle Mr. Skinner, "it has compensations. You're retired, I suppose? I'm looking forward very eagerly to that myself."

"Don't," cried Clarence violently, and hurried away, still no nearer a solution, and with an added responsibility; for he realized now that, if the scandal ever came to light, he would bring shame and humiliation on gentle, courteous young Mr. Skinner.

Must he denounce his own father? Not only was he too scared of the old gentleman, but there would be his sister's reaction, and he had no doubt what that would be. Then there would be the newspapers: SON SENDS FATHER OF NINETY-SIX TO JAIL. He woke at nights and saw the headlines, and there was a hissing in his ears.

Clarence shuddered. No, no, no! But equally he couldn't—on the Soul of an Accountant—let the matter go unrevealed.

There was a solution. He had money saved; saved at the expense of the good times he might have had; saved timorously against the losing of jobs, the failing of firms, the collapsing of pension schemes. He'd got close on five thousand. He could pay that over as Conscience Money. There would be a brief item in the Personal Column of *The Times*. . . .

But then, perhaps, the Fates relented over this incorruptible, unlovable, unloved little man who had walked so precisely in the path his prim, unyielding mind had always directed. It set something ticking in his brain—something young Mr. Skinner had said.

1907? The Skinners had gone abroad in 1907. But they had gone immediately, directly they had come into the "legacy." His father had sold the business in 1906, and his father would not have waited, but would have cleared up everything outstanding to old cronies and then gaily washed his hands of the affair.

There was a gap—a gap of one year. He was sure of that.

Clarence was not feeling well. He had had increasing giddy spells lately. But, well or ill, he hurried down to the shed the following morning and scrabbled in the dust beneath the bench.

In the far corner was a small parcel. It contained the records for 1907, hardly balanced off at all, the figures jumbled in a bold pencil scrawl. There was no more fiddling now. The detailed figures—now risen to quite astronomical heights—were correct enough, and the balance sheet scrawled on an old billhead followed them accurately. Apparently old Jake was now too much in the money to worry about small fiddles.

Clarence's expert eye ran up the first column, boggled, lost itself, and he tut-tutted that his brain wasn't so clear as it should be. His eyes misted over and he had an exceptionally long dizzy spell, with a black dot throbbing and sending out circles that made him feel sick.

Then he recovered and carefully totted up the final column once again.

Incorrect . . . annoying. He tried again and again. But the total was wrong, and it was the total his father had paid his tax on, for there was the cancelled cheque.

Old Jake had mistaken a badly written "three" for an "eight." He had overpaid by precisely five thousand pounds.

Trembling, Clarence corrected the figure. He drew up a revised summary. It was right with actuality within a shilling or so. With all the intent in the world, his father hadn't diddled the income tax people for a sou.

A sudden great burst of happiness swelled like music within Clarence. It was something that he had never experienced before, something that no woman, no indulgence of the appetite, no lust of the soul, had ever previously awakened within him.

It balanced, it balanced, it balanced!

EXALTED, he went indoors. His father looked up at him. "What the hell are you doing here at this time of day?" thundered the old gentleman.

But Clarence was beyond such matters. He was thinking that perhaps in his heart of hearts his old father had been weighed down by this guilt; perhaps he had roused in the night trembling lest all should be discovered. And his fears had been false. He could spend the rest of his days comforted.

"Listen, Dad," said Clarence, "and I'll tell you what I've been doing." And he poured out the whole story, while old Jake's face portrayed every kind of emotion, from rage that anyone should poke into his affairs, to alarm that his skeletons should come dancing out in such a ballet so many years after they had been locked away.

Then Clarence reached the final denouement.

"You mean," said the old gentleman feebly, "I didn't do them out of a penny?"

"Not a penny," said his son triumphantly, "not a farthing! Isn't it splendid, Father?"

"Cor!" exclaimed old Wayleigh, beyond more explicit words; and he dropped back his wicked old head and died. THE END

STRANGE TALES OF THE SEA • 5

by Commander Douglas Duff

King George V saw a phantom ship

THE old legend is that Vanderdecken, an ancient navigator, is doomed to wander the seas around the Cape of Good Hope in his ship, the Flying Dutchman, trying to make a port but for ever failing to do so. So much is legend, but is there any factual evidence for strange ships having been seen, vessels for whose appearances there seems no explanation?

King George V thought so. He firmly believed that, when he was Duke of York, he and all the officers and ratings with whom he shared the deck-watch aboard H.M.S. Inconstant, on the night of July 11, 1881, in the South Atlantic, saw a vessel which was not of this earth.

The night was clear and calm, the wind light and the Inconstant thrusting its way peacefully through the water. The Duke was midshipman of the watch. The forecastle lookouts suddenly hailed the bridge to report a ship, apparently on fire, which had appeared a mile away, broad on the starboard bow.

The officers and men on the bridge watched her as she came swiftly nearer, *sailing right into the wind*. A red glow surrounded her as she moved across the Inconstant's bows less than two hundred yards ahead. They all saw, too, that her hull, rig, masts, spars and sails were those of a ship of two hundred and fifty years before.

As soon as she was clear—out on the port bow—she faded from sight, disappearing abruptly and completely. The whole occurrence took less than four minutes. The captain, hastily summoned, arrived only just in time to see the last of the strange ship fading in the unearthly red glow.

King George V was well known for his shrewd common sense and his down-to-earth character. He was the last person to be deceived, or to perpetuate a hoax.

But to his dying day he treasured a transcript of the Inconstant's log for that night, in which the thirteen men and officers who saw the ghost ship gave their account of it.

Three steps forward

Continued from page 21

before; the only break in the monotony was at visiting times, and on Sunday mornings when the Girl Guides came and took us to church. This was an occasion to be looked forward to, not so much because I enjoyed going to church but because for an hour or so I was in the company of girls of my own age who laughed and chatted and were glad to be alive.

Most of the women did needlework or crochet during the hours we spent in the hall. They bought the materials from the occupational therapist who came every day, but like so many people she did not want to see her materials wasted and for this reason she refused to give me anything to do. Whenever I approached her she would say, "What can you do? You can't knit or sew, so what can you do?"

As a relief from boredom, I used to ride round and round the large hall on my tricycle. I had been allowed to keep it in the recreation hall and ride it whenever I chose. The scenery on these trips round and round was not very inspiring, but it did afford an opportunity to stop and speak to some of the more friendly women.

After a fortnight the occupational therapist was persuaded to give me about ten yards of macramé twine to make a belt. This was nowhere near sufficient, as it takes about sixty yards of cord to make a belt, but I thought I would at least make a start with this and show her I could do something properly. However, I was so nervous I got the cord into an awful muddle and she had to unravel it, much to her disgust.

"If I've got to stay in this place for years and do nothing but sit in this recreation hall every day, looking at a lot of miserable faces, I shall go mad!" I burst out at her. "There's another woman here with cerebral palsy and she makes really lovely woollen rugs, so why won't you teach me to make one of those?"

"No, you'll never make anything like that," she insisted. "You'd only waste the materials."

When Mother came to see me she had an argument with the occupational therapist because of her attitude, but it did not help; she just didn't have time to teach me anything, so Mother brought some canvas and wool from home and I taught myself to make rugs by copying the other girls.

One morning I received a letter from Mrs. Collis in which she suggested that I should try to help some of the other girls with cerebral palsy by giving them the benefit of the knowledge I had gained at the unit. Whenever I found myself alone with one of them I would try first to diagnose the type of handicap with which she was afflicted and then devise the form of treatment which would suit her best. I told them about Mrs. Collis and explained her work.

But none of the girls would listen to me until Hazel, who was about twenty-eight, said, "Show me this wonderful new treatment of yours."

"Please sit in the armchair, Hazel—the floor's rather dusty—and pretend you're a cat relaxing in front of a fire."

For a few moments Hazel allowed me to move her arms, but suddenly she must have thought she looked ridiculous for she sat bolt upright in the chair and cried, "You don't know what you're talking about. I've had a lot of treatment which hasn't done me any good at all and I don't see how your silly idea can help me or anyone else."

She hobbled out of the room and went straight to the other women saying, "Don't take any notice of Vera. She's got some funny ideas."

I felt dreadfully hurt for, after all, I was only trying to help the girl and she certainly needed help: but after this none of the other women would even listen to me, so I gave up the idea of trying to help them. Their attitude to life was that there was no hope for them in this world, and the only thing they looked forward to was to die and go to heaven.

Although I had left the unit, Mrs. Collis was still interested in my progress and shortly before my twenty-first birthday I was taken by ambulance to her advice clinic.

"Hallo, Vera," she greeted me. "How do you like your new home?"

"Not much," I grunted. "My mother's trying to get a ground-floor flat so that I can go home to live, and I hope she gets it soon."

"Yes, I know about the flat and we'll do what we can to help."

I felt at ease sitting there listening to her talking once again. "Now you're twenty-one I'll give you the key to your life," she said. "I have taught you all I know about cerebral palsy. I shall probably go on finding out more and more about the details but you know the principal facts. I can't help you any more at this time because I don't know anything that you don't know yourself. You'll find many people who think they know all about you and will tell you what to do, but be patient with them and try to teach them the truth, which only a few people know, and you are one. You'd better go back to the hospital now, but don't despair: it probably won't be for long."

On Friday evenings the local Girl Guide captain came into the hospital to hold a Land Ranger meeting in the recreation hall. For years I had secretly longed to be a Girl Guide, but had always thought this was impossible until I learned of the branch of the Guiding movement known as "the extensions," which caters for those girls who are too badly handicapped to attend ordinary meetings.

At these Friday evening meetings we had a great deal of fun, playing games and learning about the Guiding movement, and the captain often told us about camp and the wonderful time we would have there. As we sat listening to all her exciting stories I was enthralled, but I never dreamed what Guiding would mean to me in the years to come.

After I had been in the hospital for about a month, I discovered that if Mother applied for a pass she would be allowed to take me out on Saturday afternoons. I could not go home as the pass was only operative until 6 p.m. but it did give a chance to get outside the hospital and among normal people for a few hours. Mother and Gladys took advantage of this concession every Saturday and we used the time either to go to the local cinema or to go cycling on the common nearby. All the week long I looked forward to Saturday afternoons. I was not ill-treated in the hospital—I was simply bored and lonely.

LATE one Saturday morning at the end of February a nurse came to me and said: "You will have a visitor this afternoon. A young lady has just called here to see you and has gone to do some shopping until visiting time. I couldn't understand her name: it was something foreign."

A foreign young lady—who could it be? I sat by the window and watched the people walking up the drive to see if I could recognize anyone and then—there she was—it was Judy, my Judy. I hadn't thought of Judy Hernshaw because she was English, but she was now married to a Dutchman.

"Vera," she said, "I have come here specially to see you because I am leaving the unit. I'm going to have a baby. My husband has got a new job at Cambridge and we are moving there soon."

I was happy for Judy and wished her joy, but I could not help feeling a little sorry for the children at the unit who would soon be losing her. To most of them she was the only teacher they had ever known; and, more than that, she was a very dear friend.

"I'm sorry I can't stay long," Judy's voice arrested my wandering

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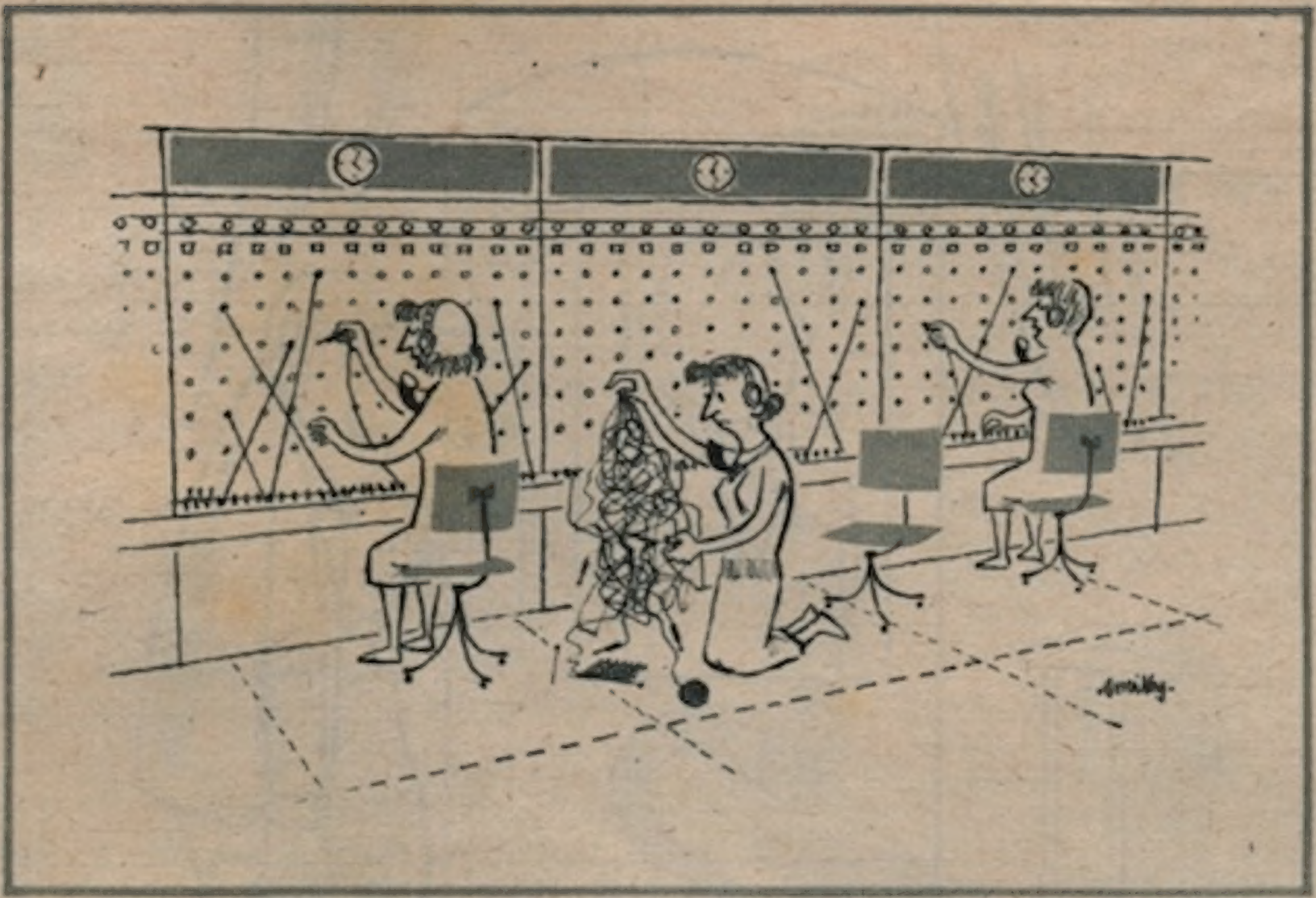
Woman

OUT THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21



thoughts. "I have to catch a train, but I daresay your mother will soon be here."

"Oh, yes, she'll be here at two o'clock," I replied. "Oh, it's almost two now. If you'll help me into the recreation hall I'll get my bike and cycle down with you to the hospital gates."

As we went down the drive Mother and Gladys came towards us.

"How are you getting on with your flat-hunting?" Judy asked Mother.

Mother smiled. "I had a letter from the London County Council this morning, telling me to look over a flat next Tuesday."

I sat quite still on my tricycle, unable to believe my ears.

For the next two days I could think of nothing else but the new flat. Would it be suitable, would Mother take it? I would not know the answer until visiting time on Wednesday and I tried to think of other things, but it was no use.

Eventually it was Wednesday and the hands of the clock crept once more towards two. I sat at the end of the recreation hall and as Mother walked towards me she smiled. My heart bounded.

"I can't stay long today, Vera," she said as she kissed me. "We're moving next week and there's a lot to do."

Eagerly I asked her for details of our new home. It was a three-roomed ground floor flat on a new estate in Highbury, North London; it had a little balcony where I could sit in the sun, and there was a yard where a shed could be erected to house my tricycle.

After three dark months a curtain had been drawn back and I could see the sun.

On Tuesday I was given a bath and put to bed until Wednesday afternoon, when a nurse came to dress me. For years I had dressed myself and I felt thoroughly awkward while being waited on. I was also tremendously excited and the poor nurse had her work cut out to get me into my clothes by the time Mother arrived. Soon afterwards we were in an ambulance together with a small suitcase, containing my clothes and personal possessions, my wheel chair and tricycle.

"What do you think this is, a removal van?" quipped the driver as he closed the doors behind us. I laughed and a lump came into my throat. God had heard my prayers and I was leaving this place that I hated so much and going into a big strange world.

The hospital gates closed behind us and the most miserable three months of my life came to an end. The sun was shining as I looked at the road ahead and suddenly the winter had passed and it was spring.

The ambulance pulled up outside a large block of flats. Mother got out and opened the door of a flat on the ground floor and I was taken inside. So this was our new home. How small it seemed after the spaciousness of the hospital and the unit! Everything was bright and clean, with gleaming new paint and freshly distempered walls, but oh, how those walls seemed to bear in on top of me! I longed to push them back and have more space.

The flat was not over-furnished and yet, after the bareness of hospital wards, it seemed that there was furniture everywhere and I was in danger of falling over it every time I moved. I began to get scared. If I tried to walk and fell, it was more than likely that I would hit my head on a table or chair and, apart from hurting myself, I would probably damage the furniture.

I looked around for some place where there was no furniture to fall on and discovered that the french windows in the sitting room led on to the small veranda. Mother helped me through the windows; I could probably have walked through unaided, but the sight of so much fragile glass frightened me and turned my legs to jelly. *One slip,* I thought, *and I'll smash about twenty panes of glass.*

It was peaceful sitting on the veranda in the pale spring sunshine. To left and right were more blocks of flats, but directly in front was a large green lawn with colourful flower beds dotted about and a few trees showing their first fresh green leaves. The lawn was bounded by a very low wall beyond which was the road where buses and cars passed.

I sat there for some hours, drinking in the newness of my surroundings, quite content to watch the few passers-by, until a new noise reached my ears. It was 4 p.m. and the children were home from school.

They chased each other along the road and across the green lawn; they skipped and jumped and played ball; and then several of them turned and saw me. They stared. My appearance when sitting still is not so very different from that of a normal person but perhaps an uncontrolled twitch of the head or a spot of saliva creeping down my chin in an unguarded moment had shown them that I was different.

Annoyed I called out to them, "What are you looking at?"

My gruff voice puzzled them even more than my 'shaky' body. Then they started to laugh.

"She's potty," yelled one small boy. "Ya, ya, ya, look at that soppy girl."

Angry and hurt I called to Mother to take me indoors. These were only children and they didn't understand what was wrong with me; all the same, their words were cruel and made me bitter.

It was days before I sat on the veranda again, and then the same thing happened. As soon as the children came home from school they regarded me first as an object of wonder and then as a butt for their cheeky comments. Mother tried to reason with them, but received only abuse for her pains and gave up in disgust.

Not all the children in the flats were such hooligans, but it needed only one or two of them to poke fun at me and the others soon followed suit. It was a new game to them and no doubt they would have outgrown it in time, but Mother decided it would save a lot of unpleasantness all round if in future she took me out in the wheel chair in the afternoons.

On these outings we sometimes went for a walk through a park but more often than not we met my Aunt Queen, who lived nearby, and went with her around the shops. Aunt Queen usually pushed my wheel chair and quite naturally a number of people thought she was my mother.

Often, while Mother was in a shop making a purchase, we would wait outside and someone would come up to Aunt Queen and inquire, "How is your daughter today?"

"Very well, thank you," Aunt Queen would reply with pride.

"What does she do all day?"

"She works in an office," Aunt Queen would answer, referring to her daughter Sylvia.

The stranger's face would pucker into a puzzled frown, and we would realize that she was talking about me.

"This is not my daughter," Aunt Queen would explain, laughing. "Her mother is in the shop, but if you want to know how Vera is, why don't you ask her? She's twenty-one you know."

Very often this remark would be followed by the stranger whispering something in Aunt Queen's ear, whereupon she would dismiss the person with the words, "I've just remembered something my sister can get for me," and march into the shop.

When she came out I would ask her, "What made you so cross?"

"I don't know why people think you're silly, just because you're not so active as they are and your speech is poor. That person asked me if you could understand what we were saying and she was surprised when I told her that of course you could."

"Just let me hear anyone say that," Mother would chime in, "and I'll give them the right answer!"

From the time I came of age I received a National Assistance grant of about 25s. a week. While in the women's hospital a pound of this had been retained by the authorities to help pay for my keep and I had been given 5s. a week pocket money. This I had always handed to Mother to buy the things I needed, but now that I was at home Mother drew the weekly allowance and gave me the 5s. to spend for myself. While we were out I would choose the things I wanted and Mother would purchase them.

CHARACTER—4

We must have a weak spot or two in a character before we can love it much.

Oliver Wendell Holmes

When we came home I would try to sort out the right money to give her. *Which,* I would wonder, *are the right coins?*

I had forgotten the difference between a shilling, florin and half-crown and between a penny and a halfpenny. It was so many years since I had handled any money that I had to look closely at the words on each coin to discover its value.

In hospital I had always risen at 7 a.m. but at home the routine was quite different. Gladys left for her office at nine o'clock and Mother then woke me with breakfast in bed. About ten I would get up and wash and dress at leisure, so that it was generally noon before I was ready to face the world.

For about an hour before lunch I helped Mother with the housework by washing and polishing the floors and sweeping the carpets on the days when the vacuum cleaner was not being used. These things I could do on my knees, but I never attempted to do anything like dusting as I was so afraid of breaking things.

In the evenings we would sit with our handiwork; Mother with her crochet, making dainty little mats and doilies; Gladys with her needlework—she made most of our clothes; and me with several large balls of plastic twine, making belts. Each belt was made in a different pattern, and Gladys had no difficulty in selling them to the girls at her office for 5s. each, but as it took a whole week to make one belt there was not much profit left after deducting the cost of the plastic.

Once a week we went to the pictures. There was only one cinema nearby where we were allowed to take the invalid chair. If we wanted to go to any of the other cinemas the only way to get there was by bus. Mother and Gladys used to stand on each side of me and link their arms through mine, and in this way we could walk to the bus stop.

Usually we were in a hurry so as not to miss any of the programme and I had no time to walk properly. Instead of placing my heels firmly on the pavement I moved forward with very jerky movements, putting only the toes on the ground and resting heavily on Mother and Gladys. I knew that I should not be walking in this way, using all the wrong movements and making a wrong pattern on my brain, but for me to walk properly it would have taken about an hour to reach the bus stop and we would have been too late to see the film.

For this and other reasons, I became very unsteady when walking indoors. Mother unwittingly made things worse. She remembered the children she had seen at Queen Mary's who had spent years lying on their backs recovering from falls they had received at home, and the memory of these children made her anxious.

"Be careful not to fall over. I don't want you to hurt yourself," she would say when I got up to walk.

She was only trying to help, but the more she worried about me the more nervous I became and the more often I fell over.

As I picked myself up, she would say, "Have you hurt yourself? You did frighten me."

I told her there was no need to worry because I knew how to fall, but her comment was, "I expect you do, but you might do it once too often."

Gradually, confidence in the ability to walk left me and I took to pushing around a small wooden chair when indoors. By holding on to the back of this I could stand fairly upright and walk from room to room.

Mother was disappointed because I seemed to be getting so much worse. Mrs. Collis had told her that I could look after myself, but she had forgotten to add, "In her own way and in her own time."

I found life at home very difficult. Mrs. Collis had said that I never made a mess with food, but then we never had things like soup at the unit; in fact most of our food was rather dry. When Mother gave me a plate of soup and told me not to make a mess I subconsciously thought that I would be bound to make a mess if I fed myself in the ordinary way, so I began to tense all the muscles of my body and as soon as I picked up the spoon I started to wobble.

The more I wobbled the more mess there was on the clean white tablecloth—which, of course, didn't please Mother. She would repeat over and over again, "Since you left Queen Mary's Hospital you haven't bothered to try. Goodness knows I help and worry about you enough. What is the matter?"

I would try to mumble something like, "You help and watch me too much," but before the words were out I would always burst into tears.

When alone in my room I practised a certain amount of movement control, going through the routine movements I had learned so thoroughly at the unit, but I did not do this as often as I should. I felt self-conscious of practising in front of Mother because I was afraid she would criticize or not understand what I was doing, and I did not feel capable of explaining to her.

I was at that time a little afraid of her. For years we had had no actual life together. She had visited me regularly in hospital but in a way we were strangers to each other. Gladys and

I have always been very good friends and have told each other our secrets, but it was a long time before I shared my hopes and fears with Mother. However, with patience and love I began to understand her and to think of home as home and not as Paradise.

For instance, there were no money worries in hospital. Everything was provided and it never entered my head to wonder what a thing cost or who paid for it. At home I found that shopping for Mother was a real headache. She had a small widow's pension and with my allowance and Gladys's earnings we managed quite well, but only because Mother knew where and when to shop. . . .

One Sunday afternoon Gladys and I were sitting on the veranda when there was an unexpected knock at the front door. Seconds later Mother came out to us bringing with her a lady and gentleman.

"Here are some visitors for you, Vera," she called.

The lady introduced herself.

"I'm Alfreda Gentry and this is my husband. I'm Divisional Commissioner for Guides for this area, and the Girl Guide Captain at the Women's Hospital where you were has written to tell me that you would like to become a Ranger."

She was such a friendly person and seemed to take such an interest in me that it was not long before we were talking as if we had known each other for years.

Hal Gentry, a very jovial man, stood leaning back on the french windows. Suddenly there was a crash—he had fallen through one of them. He looked so funny that we burst out laughing.

Luckily he did not hurt himself, but he was terribly worried about the broken window and offered to come back next day with some glass to repair the damage. Mother persuaded him that this was not necessary as our next-door neighbour would soon fix it for us, and eventually he and his wife left with a promise to call again in a few days.

"Well that's a good way to start a friendship," Mother laughed when they had gone. "He certainly broke the ice."

A couple of days later Mr. and Mrs. Gentry called to take me to a Ranger meeting. As we walked towards their car I saw, as I thought, a little girl sitting in the back seat. The "little girl" was Gwen, who also suffered from cerebral palsy. She was actually two years older than I, but she was very tiny and looked about ten years of age.

Gwen and I were taken to a church hall nearby where an active Ranger company was holding its weekly meeting.

I do not remember very much about that meeting, but the journey home stands out clearly. We were driving along in the car and Gwen was talking about her typewriter when I said, "I wish I had a typewriter, then I could type letters to my friends. Writing takes such a long time."

There was a pause and then Mr. Gentry asked, "Do you really want one, Vera? I've an old typewriter in my office which isn't used much. Would you like it?"

"Oh, yes, please," I answered delightedly.

Mr. Gentry delivered the typewriter a few days later. I used two fingers to type with and at first the result was an awful mess, but soon it improved and I was able to write little letters to my friends. One of my greatest difficulties was spelling. Because of my defective speech I could not pronounce words properly and consequently I would spell them as I thought they sounded.

The results were sometimes quite weird and Gladys had many a good laugh when looking through my efforts.

To improve my spelling, and to help my friends to know what I was talking about, Gladys used to read through all my letters and correct the spelling mistakes and then give them back to me for re-typing.

Sometimes she would give them back two or three times if the typing was very poor, and so it often happened that a letter I started writing on Monday didn't get finished and posted until the weekend.

It was at this time that I started typing the first chapter of this book, but for some reason or other it didn't go well and I didn't touch it again for years.

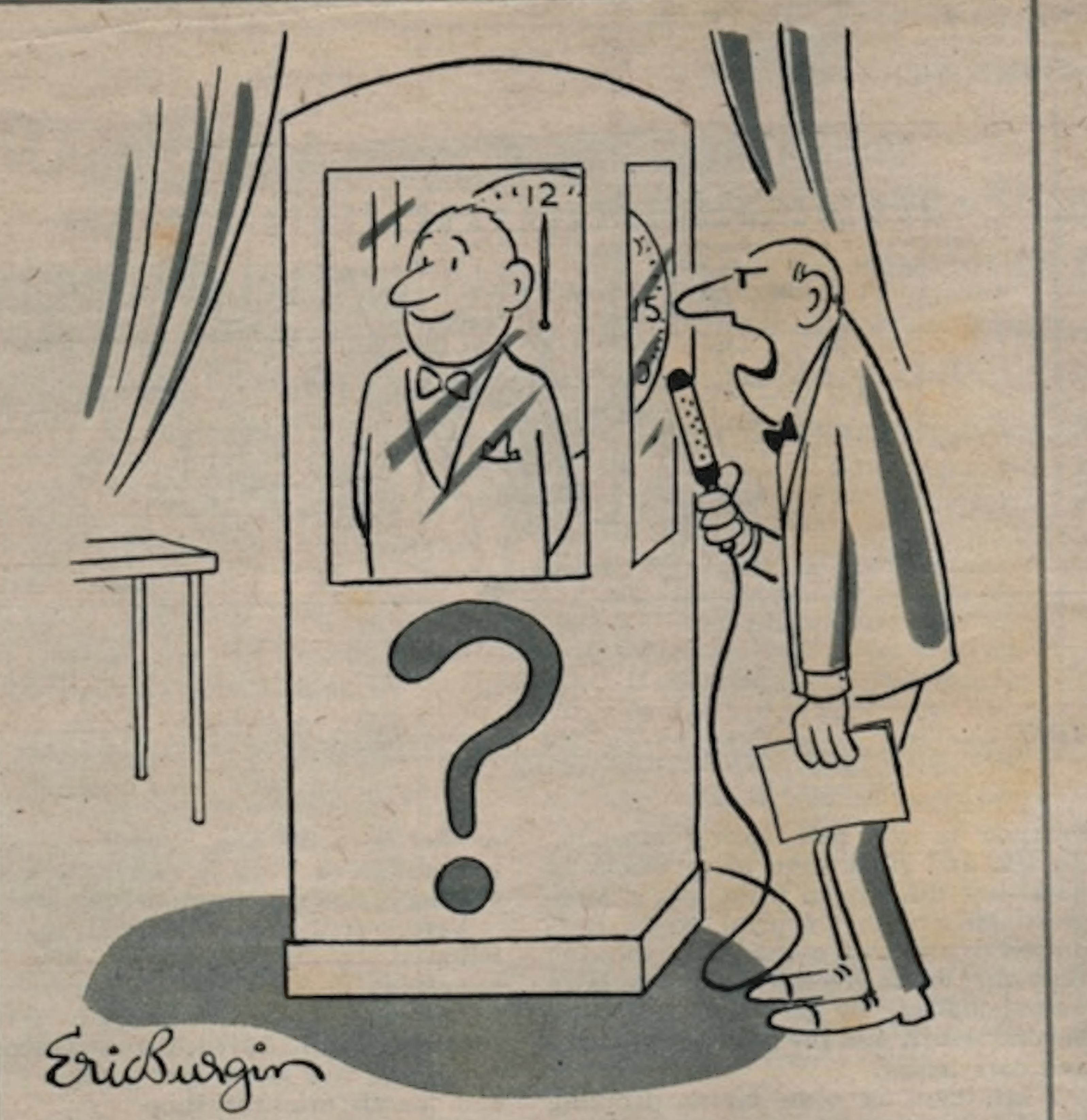
Every week Gladys or one of the Rangers took me in the invalid chair to the meeting in the church hall, and there Gwen and I would watch the girls in their various activities. The two of us became very good friends. Soon Gwen earned herself the nickname "Wobbles" because, although she could walk, she wobbled quite a lot and often fell over.

She was also handicapped by deafness in one ear so I had to listen very carefully to what was going on and then tell her afterwards.

The more I knew Gwen the more I liked her and I used to look forward to going to Rangers. It was the only time I could say what I liked. Normally, in company Mother and Gladys did all the talking and I sat and listened—it used to annoy me sometimes that, when we were out and met one of my Ranger friends, they did all the talking and I could not get a word in edgeways. But at Rangers there was nobody to speak for me so I had to speak myself.

Whenever I see a square hall, brightly lit, my mind goes back to those evenings and the fun we had—the girls marching, the big Girl Guide parades, the games we played and the songs we sang. Whenever you get a dozen Rangers together you are transported into another, very happy world.

NEXT WEEK: I pass my test as a Ranger



". . . I repeat, Mr. Twizzle — you are now in our soundproof booth. WILL YOU KINDLY PUT THE HEADPHONES ON?"

Frontier guard on food

Continued from page 15

lost considerable weight. The authority afterwards released them for sale on the market.

Williams and his colleagues maintain their surveillance over food in the dock sheds and in the warehouses. When bags of dried green peas and of borax burst during unloading, the dockers swept up the peas and riddled and washed them. But the city analyst still found in them 250 parts per million of boric acid, a prohibited chemical. The food inspectors refused to release the peas for human consumption.

"We make regular use of both the city analyst and the public health laboratories," says Williams. In this way, he learned that a consignment of raw sugar from Jamaica contained a fractional quantity of the cumulative poison, arsenic.

"We released the sugar to a local refinery on condition that the analyst could examine it after refining. The second time he found no arsenic." Now Williams set about tracing the source of the poison. Nothing had spilled over the sugar in the warehouse. No adjacent cargo in the ship had contained arsenic. Williams turned to the sacks. He discovered that they had carried to Jamaica arsenical insecticides. The sugar grower who bought them had failed to launder them adequately.

Williams reckons that nuts give the inspectors the most trouble. A nut often shows no outward sign of being rotten. "We usually open a hundred from each sack. We call this a crack. If we find more than ten bad nuts in a crack, we reject the sack. With a consignment of walnuts recently, I discarded those with visible maggot holes, then made a crack of the apparently sound nuts. Still I found maggots."

Inspecting food has discomforts. When they examine meat in a cold store, the inspectors cut their numbed fingers. Often they have to work in offensive smells. On one occasion, Williams examined in a ship's hold and in a warehouse the remains of 12,000 two-gallon cans of tomato juice, the majority of which had burst. With juice often sloshing over the ankles of his rubber boots, he decided that he could save none of the consignment. The tins were bursting because they were not strong enough for the weight of their contents.

Year by year, the work of the food inspectorate tends to grow more complex as manufacturers introduce new cooked foods, new preservatives, new additives. Meanwhile, the other members of the Port Health Authority, the medical officers and health inspectors, fulfil an increasingly routine, though still vital, function. "The change has come about," says Professor Semple, "with the improvements in the international control of plague, cholera, smallpox and other diseases, and in better conditions for ships' crews."

The last major outbreak of disease on a ship arriving at Liverpool occurred ten years ago when a troop transport brought in five cases of smallpox. With army doctors and his own assistants, Dr. Peirce vaccinated ten thousand men in a day before they disembarked.

The last case of plague to reach the port occurred more than twenty years ago when the public health laboratory diagnosed the disease in two dead rats found in a ship bringing cargo from South America. No human cases arose.

Nevertheless, Peirce and his assistants, in common with port medical officers throughout the eighty-eight member nations of the World Health Organization, maintain a continuous watch over ships entering their port.

A master whose ship has called at an infected port in the previous month or who cannot complete a clean Maritime Declaration of Health for his ship must radio for the services of the port medical officer not more than twelve hours and not less than four hours before his estimated time of arrival. A boarding launch, William Gregson, which also does service as a Liverpool fireboat, then takes the duty medical officer to meet the ship and to examine the crew and sick passengers at the outer mooring station. Customs officers will not give the ship permission to enter the port without either a clean declaration of health or the medical officer's clearance.

In the docks, Semple's five port health officers—qualified sanitary inspectors with previous experience as deck officers at sea—examine the ships for so-called nuisances. They made nearly 4,500 inspections in 1955, and served on ships' masters some two thousand notices relating to such nuisances as verminous quarters, foul bilges, offensive refuse, defective heating and dirty wash-houses.

Peirce says: "My health inspectors examine the port's water supplies and ships' water tanks. They inspect barges and canal boats, and docks and warehouses. They disinfect quarters occupied by infectious cases. They cleanse verminous immigrants. With the twelve rodent experts on the staff they search the ships and dock buildings for rats and mice. They supervise the fumigation of infested ships. And they examine the sanitation and safety measures on the occasional cargo ship converted to carry pilgrims to Mecca. It's their job, in short, to keep the port and the ships using it clean."

Semple and his staff get what he calls a healthy and friendly co-operation from ship and warehouse owners and food importers.

Food inspector George Williams says: "We try to give a fair deal. We never condemn food lightly and we work hard to save as much as possible of an unsound consignment."

Rarely do the inspectors have to seize condemned goods and apply for a magistrate's order to destroy them. "The importers surrender the goods voluntarily. We give them certificates with which they can claim insurance and duty rebates."

In some instances, the food shippers prefer goods declared unsound to be sent back to them rather than have them destroyed.

Not long ago, four thousand cases of small tins of cherries arrived at Liverpool from Italy, and in a routine sample the city analyst found hydrogen sulphide, a prohibited chemical. The shipper received permission to have the canned cherries sent back to Italy through Belgium and across Europe.

"A few weeks later," says Williams, "a consignment of large tins of cherries arrived from Belgium. The analyst reported that they contained hydrogen sulphide. To say the least, we were suspicious. This time we made no mistake. We condemned them, sent them to our rubbish tip, and put the steamroller over them."

THE END

WIN a PENSION

for 2, 3 or 4 WORDS—

FIND those words today—it's fun! First see how thirty-nine year old Mr. W. Donaghy (31A Windsor Road, Boscombe) discovered *his* winning words. This brewer's drayman chose an *Example*—your starting-point when making a *Bullet*—from a recent list. It was: WITH FAITH UNDIMMED. "That suggested a pile of wooden-spoons," he said, "which I saw as the rungs of a ladder." He put his idea into these words: WITH FAITH UNDIMMED—MAKING "RUNGS" FROM "WOODEN-SPOONS." That *Bullet* scored First Prize and gained Mr. Donaghy (on right) a small fortune.

What "pictures" come into *your* mind as you look through this week's *Examples*? Start enjoying that fun with words today—and over £750 in regular pension cheques can be your reward!

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To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make your *Bullet* as usual.

Britain's Hurdles
Sound Government
The Man Who Lost
In The Bus Queue
Muddle, Muddle, Muddle
Every Week
Shooting Up
Shameful
The Policewoman
Thinks He's Wonderful
A Little Hanky-panky And
Budding Romance
You May Laugh, But
Stupid People
Full Of Beans
Anybody's Guess
With Impunity
Young And Beautiful
My Ambition
A Perfect Gentleman

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

The Recipe For..................
To Sonny's.........................
Good At..............................
.........................'s Choice
For A Little......................
As..........................As Ever

Chief Winners No. 2,074

FIRST PRIZE, £500 plus 52 Ideal Mondays: F. Pope, 10 Barkham Ride, Wokingham:

In The Back Room Hush-hush— Then "Whispering Giants"!

£25: H. Moor, 53 Cardigan Road, Hull: HOUSE WE WANT—ASPECT, SUNNY—PROSPECT, BLEAK!

£10: J. B. Beggs, 73 Hillmount Gardens, Finaghy: WHEN THE DOCTOR CALLED—SUPPERLESS, HATLESS, BREATHLESS—*Needless*!

OTHER AWARDS: £9: J. E. Hurley, "Pyrcot," North Street, Williton: THE BILL FOR SUEZ—RAISING WHISTLE—AND "STEAM"? £8: W. A. Campbell, National City Bank, Limerick: THE LITTLE MAN—BUT ADVERSITY'S *Easiest* TARGET! £7: Mrs. H. Davie, 19 Woodlands, London, N.W.11: REFUGEE FROM WELFARE—TO "OPPORTUNITY STATE," JOHN? £6: H. Wilson, Wellfield House West, Todmorden: AFTER A GOOD DULLES—CLANGER, KREMLIN'S "BELLS RINGING"! £5: A. H. Mander, 51 Clarendon Street, Leamington Spa: NOT SO MERRIE ENGLAND—LAND OF THE *Freeze*! £5: G. Thom, 331 George Street, Aberdeen: AFTER A GOOD DINNER—KRUSCHEV DEVOURS GREEDY IMPERIALISTS! £5: Miss M. Wilson-Miller, 29 Macaulay Road, London, S.W.4: STUPENDOUS, COLOSSAL, TERRIFIC—HER "*Weak* WOMAN" ACT!

For ten winners of £2 10s. see "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. 30 Prizes of £1 and 2,000 new 2-in-1 Awards have also been posted.

RULES 1. First Prize for best *Bullet* received. Others in order of merit, the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee enclose P.O. at the rate of 6d. per *Bullet*. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. Make P.O. payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that result of this Contest (in JOHN BULL dated March 30), also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Odhams' employees (and families) ineligible.

(See "Daily Herald" on Saturday, March 16, for early news of No. 2,079 result.)

POST ENTRY
"Bullets" 2,079, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.99

POST this PENSION COUPON by MONDAY, MARCH 4

EXAMPLE...
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CHAMPAGNE DINNERS 5-lb. Surrey Fowl and Champagne with each of the 20 chief prizes won with *Bullet* which was one of five or more on single coupon or plain-paper entry sheet.

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